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SOME DAY.

BY W. W. L.

Some day the violets blue will blossom,
Dear love, above one of us sleeping;
And birds will sing in low notes tender,
Where one a sad watch lone is keeping.

Some day sunlight will turn to shadow,
And one will watch with aching breast,
Where valley lilies bud and blossom,
Above the other's quiet rest.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED).

LYRA was leaning on the gate, looking over the river, her head resting on her hand, and as she turned at the sound of footsteps, Mr. Chandos was struck by the alteration in her appearance. She was very pale; but it was not only her pallor which startled him—there was a look in her eyes which was eloquent of suffering and sorrow, of the strain caused by a mental struggle and battle. She looked as one looks when the canker-worm of a secret sorrow is eating into the bud of life's happiness.

But this only made her more interesting in the eyes of Mr. Chandos, especially as he was convinced that he was the cause of her unhappiness. He expected to see her blush as she turned and saw him, and was rather disappointed that she did not, but regarded him with the steady gaze of her sad, dark eyes.

"I hasten to lay the tribute of my gratitude at your feet, Miss Chester," he began, in his "high falutin'," affected style, but Lyra's brows grew straight, and he was sharp enough to see that he was taking the wrong line. "As I have just told Mr. Chester, I cannot express my sense of your great goodness to me," he said, in a more natural and respectful tone. "An invalid, even when he or she is a member of the family, is always a burden, but must be doubly so when, like myself, a stranger. You have played the part of the Good Samaritan, Miss Chester, with a perfection which has rendered me eternally your debtor. I am, of course, very anxious to relieve you of the burden, but I am not what is called a strong man. I do not mean," he made haste to add, "that I am weak, or—er—puny. I am of highly strung and extremely sensitive nerves, and—er—I fear I shall have to trespass upon your Arabian hospitality a little longer."

"My father will be very glad if you will stay," said Lyra, and as she spoke Mr. Chandos noticed that her voice was low and subdued, and that she uttered the sentence mechanically. "Will you not sit down?" and she moved towards the rustic seat.

With Mary's assistance the invalid got himself seated, and striking an esthetic attitude, gazed up at Lyra, who stood, with the climbing roses for background, pale and dreamy-eyed.

"You have a most delightful, most picturesque home, Miss Chester," he murmured with the "flute stop" on. "It is an Arcadia—a sweet haven of rest and repose. But, tell me, do you never weary of it? Do you never, like an imprisoned bird, sigh for liberty, for change, for—er—life?"

Lyra looked down at him as though she had brought her thoughts back from a long distance.

"Do I—am I never weary, dull?" she said, as if she were asking the question of herself. A few days ago, before the advent of Lord Dane, she would have replied with a laughing negative; now her brows came together, and there came no laugh or smile to her lips. She looked round and sighed. Never until that moment had she thought of weariness or ennui, never felt dull or lonely. But now—yes, he was right!—she felt like a bird, bruised and sore with vain and futile beatings against the walls of its cage.

"Ah, I see you do!" murmured Mr. Chandos. "Believe me that this life of yours—if you can call it life; it is really but existence—is not worthy of you. You were born to shine—a star—in brighter, happier spheres."

Lyra looked at him with grave inquiry—perhaps she still thought him a little mad—and Mr. Chandos's pale blue eyes fell before the sad, innocent orbs.

"Do not think I flatter," he said, with mock earnestness. "I would not be guilty of flattery to one so—er—so true and—er—intelligent as you, Miss Chester. I merely uttered the thought that the sight of your—er—forgive me—beauty and grace aroused within my mind."

Lyra ought to have blushed; certainly ought to have looked down and been overcome, but she did neither, rather to Mr. Chandos's embarrassment.

"You are fond of poetry?" he said, rather than inquired.

Lyra said nothing; but silence, as we know, gives consent, and Mr. Chandos drew a small, elaborately-bound volume from his pocket. "Soul Throbs. By Geoffrey Barle."

"My own," he said almost solemnly, as he held up the volume. "'Soul Throbs.' Do you like the title?"

Lyra looked uninterested, much to Mr. Chandos's disgust.

"Does a soul throb?" she said listlessly. "Shouldn't it be 'Heart Throbs'?"

Mr. Chandos winced.

"Oh, no, no," he murmured in quite a shocked voice. "That would indeed be commonplace. Anyone, everyone says 'Heart throbs;' but the soul is a different, a—er—higher, a more esthetic phrase. You feel that, I am sure."

Lyra neither assented nor dissented, but turned her eyes riverward again.

"May I read you my favorite—one of my favorite—lyrics?" he asked, opening the book.

"It is very kind of you," said Lyra, but without the enthusiasm which Mr. Chandos certainly considered proper, if not obligatory.

He cleared his throat, and with half-closed eyes which watched her, commenced—

"No linnet I, to sing on topmost bough;
No lark, to soar to heaven's gate;
But, if I sing my best, wilt thou
Sing sweetly to me, oh, my mate!"

It is to be feared that only the last caught Lyra's attention, for when he paused and looked up at her inquiringly, she said with a little confusion, for she did not want to wound him—

"It is a sea-song? The Devonshire people are very fond of them, and one hears them all along the river——" She saw by the horrified expression of his washed-out eyes that she had made a mistake, and waited.

"A sea song!" he exclaimed.

"There—there was something about a mate, wasn't there?" said Lyra, eager to soothe him.

Mr. Chandos went pale with mortification.

"Oh, no, no!" he murmured reproachfully. "The mate alluded to was a—a—companion, a kindred soul."

"I beg your pardon," said Lyra. "It—it was very stupid of me. But will you not read some more? I will try and understand them."

The apology was almost worse than the offence in Mr. Chandos's eyes; but he stifled his disgust and disappointment, and read another choice extract.

Lyra sat down and seemed to listen, her hands clasped, her lovely profile turned to him. If she had sat full face to him, he would have seen that he might as well have been reading to a statue.

"It is very pretty," she said, when he had finished.

Mr. Chandos with difficulty suppressed a groan. Pretty! Such a a word applied to one of his "soul throbs" was—was an insult. He forgot his lameness and rose, then sank down, and once more stifled his disappointment.

"Er—pardon me, 'pretty' is perhaps scarcely the word to apply to the verses," he said. "But I am sure you appreciate them. Er—while a prisoner in my room I wrote some new verses. I will, if you care to hear them, and will allow me to send for my—er—guitar, sing them to you."

Mary was at the door at the moment, and brought the guitar.

Mr. Chandos struck a suitable attitude, and, his eyes cast up at Lyra with an expression of deep despair, piped away in the thin voice which was so much admired by his female friends.

The verses were quite equal in pathos to those he had read. They dealt in the usual "laurel wreath" and "death," "love" and "dove," "grave" and "passion's slave;" and though Lyra did not realize it, were really addressed to her.

The performance would have been, if not a success, at any rate a tolerable one, if Lyra had not chanced to glance at the singer when he was piping out the most impassioned lines. But she did so chance to glance, and the sight of his upturned eyes—like to those of a dying duck in a thunderstorm—his sleek head all one side like that of a piping bullfinch, and his lackadaisical expression generally, were too much for her.

Wretched as she was, aching though her heart was with the memory of Dane, she could not help laughing. The laugh was one of pain as much as of mirth, and it did not last long. It died away on her lips as suddenly as the effect it produced upon the singer.

His face went crimson and then white, his pale blue eyes grew lighter, not darker, and seemed to glow with rage, and the thin lips were distorted with the passion of wounded vanity and self-conceit.

Lyra was not frightened, but she was startled. He had risen and confronted her, his hands clutching the guitar, his mouth half open.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! Forgive me! Please forgive me!" she said brokenly. "I cannot tell what made me laugh. I am so sorry! Will you——" She tried to say, "sing it again," but she dared not, for she knew that heavily though her hidden misery bore upon her, if he sang again she must laugh—or die.

Mr. Chandos seemed to struggle for breath.

"N-o," he gasped at last. He had never before been laughed at—openly—and he was writhing as a man writhes under the lash of a delicate whip, that for all its slightness stings like a scorpion.

"Forgive me!" she said again, and she put her hand gently, pleadingly on his arm, and as she did so, the tears came into her eyes. "I did not mean to do it. It was rude, and—yes, cruel—to laugh. It was ungrateful after—after your kindness in taking so much trouble. Will you forgive me, Mr. Barle?"

Chandos's eyes drooped, and he sank down again, his little hands quite quivering around the neck of the guitar, his thin lips writhing still.

"Yes—y-es," he stammered, as if he were fighting with himself. "There—there is nothing to forgive. I do not suppose"—with a tone of dignity which was excruciatingly comical—"I do not imagine for a moment that you were laughing at—at my verses. Something—some passing incident must have caught your attention"—Lyra hung her head—"and you were laughing at that. But I will not sing again. To appreciate these poor little poems of mine one must be in the—er—mood. Will you take the volume? See, I have ventured to anticipate your gracious acceptance and have written your name in it. Will you take it and—er—study it in quiet and seclusion? You may—er—find some thought in harmony with your sweet nature, your scarcely uttered aspirations——"

Lyra rose and took the proffered volume.

"Thank you," she said humbly. "It is very kind of you. I will send Mary——"

As she left him Mr. Chandos leant back and gave vent to the rage that had been choking him, gave vent in a long stream of muttered oaths, hissed out with hot, savage gasps; his face working, his lips twitching.

"You laugh at me, do you?" he stammered. "You laugh; you—you"—he tried "cat," but even at that moment of ferocious anger the name struck him as inappropriate to the sweet-faced girl who had just left him. "You insolent plough-girl. Laugh on! But—but only for a time!" He ground his teeth. "If I could bring the tears to those eyes of yours, if I could only have you cringing at my feet! I will too!" he hissed out. "Yes, by——" he swore it with a charmingly original oath, "I will!"

Mary, running out, found her patient apparently on the verge of an apoplectic fit.

"Lawk's sake, sir!" she exclaimed. "Why, what be the matter? You haven't gone and swallowed someut the wrong way, hev ye?"

Mr. Chandos with some difficulty smoothed his distorted face into something like its usual expression of serene self-conceit, and forced a ghostly smile.

"Er—er—I have had a fit of coughing, my good Mary," he murmured. "I—er—think I must have taken a chill. Will you kindly lead me back to my room?"

Most men after such a repulse and humiliation would have taken their departure; but Mr. Chandos was unlike other men. He lay on his bed and tossed to and fro, hot one moment, cold the next, as Lyra's innocent laugh rang in his ears; lay and thought, thought and planned.

It is asserted, by those who ought to know, that it is quite possible for a certain order of beings to love and hate at one and the same moment. If that be so, Mr. Chandos belonged to this peculiar order. One moment his admiration for Lyra, his longing to win her, got possession of him; the next, hate, hot and sinister, obtained the mastery. But predominating above these flashes of love—if you can call it "love"—and hate was the burning desire to get her in his power, to see her at his feet, to hear her begging, wailing for mercy—the mercy which he would grant or withhold as suited his humor.

He lay awake for hours, his cunning brain striving after some means to enable him to gain the desired revenge, and fell asleep at last, dreaming that he was sinking down a deep well, and Lyra was standing at the top laughing down at him.

In the gray dawn he woke, and almost

at the moment of waking there flashed into his mind one of those ideas with which the basest of men are sometimes inspired by the devil they serve. It made him start; it sent the blood rushing to his head; it made him laugh—a laugh which might have found an echo down in the region of lost souls.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE following day Mr. Chandos kept to his own room, sending word to Mr. Chester that he feared he had got up too soon, and felt very much weakened by the effort.

He despatched Mary to Yarnstaple for books and writing, and drawing, materials, and amused himself by composing some "poems" and making "sketches." The "poems" were all about a "scorned love," and the sketches, weak, washy ones of the river. As he sat at the window making these, he saw Lyra go in and out the garden, and his pale-blue eyes watched her from behind the curtain with a peculiar expression—half wistful and longing, and half malicious; an expression one sometimes sees in the monkey, and now and again in the tiger.

He noticed that she was still pale and sad-looking, and once as she paced the garden he heard her sigh.

In the afternoon he saw her go down to her boat, push it into the rising tide, and row to the middle of the river. A sand-bank caught it there, and he watched her as she leant forward, and letting her face drop in her hand, seemed lost in a melancholy reverie.

"Can she be fretting after me, after all?" thought Mr. Chandos. "What else can she be brooding over? There can't be any other person, or I should have heard of him Mary."

The thought soothed him considerably, and he continued to watch her until, in the evening, she slowly rowed the boat homewards.

The following day he came down after lunch and found Lyra just setting out for the boat.

She had almost forgotten him during the preceding day, and she greeted him with a gentle meekness—for though she had forgotten him, she had not forgiven herself for wounding his feelings—that inwardly rejoiced Mr. Chandos, who, on his part, was meekness and humility itself. His little bow, his whole manner seemed to say, "You have wounded me to the heart's core, but I forgive you."

"I hope you are better," said Lyra in her low sweet, and, alas! now, sad voice.

"Yes," said Mr. Chandos plaintively; "I feel much stronger this morning. I am afraid I overdid it yesterday. What a lovely day! You are going out in the boat?" he added, glancing at the oar in her hand and then at the river, glowing like liquid gold in the sunlight.

"Yes," she replied listlessly. Then it occurred to her that he might like to go. "Would you like to come with me? Are you strong enough?"

"I should like it above all things," responded Mr. Chandos, suppressing his eagerness, "and I am sure the air would do me good."

"Come, then," she said, and, by way of atoning for her cruelty of the day before, she added, "and will you bring your guitar?"

"Shall I?" he asked, looking at her with a humble, dog-like air. "Yes, I will."

Mary helped him down to the boat, and he was ensconced on a cushion in the stern, with another cushion for his wounded leg, and Lyra rowed from shore.

"How exquisitely you row!" he said, after watching her with a longing admiration, which he concealed as well as he could under his lowered lids. "It is a graceful and delightful accomplishment."

"I am used to it," said Lyra absently, for they had reached the spot where Dane had nearly gone down, and she was thinking of him.

"I wish you would teach me—when I recover," said Mr. Chandos, with a little sigh, and strumming on his guitar.

"I will, if you wish it," she said still absently; "it is not difficult to learn."

"You must be very strong," he said after a pause. "Would you mind my making a sketch of you while you are rowing? It would make a beautiful picture. I should call it 'Youth at the Oars,' and—perhaps—exhibit it at the Academy."

It was well Mr. Chandos said "perhaps," as there was as much chance of any sketch of his getting into the Academy as of his being wafted to heaven.

"If you like," she said indifferently.

He took out his sketch-book and made his feeble sketch, talking the while.

"You have never seen the Academy exhibition?"

She shook her head.

She wished that he would not talk; he was bearable while he was silent.

"Ah, what a pity! How I should like to show it to you! You would revel in the pictures, for I know that you have an artist's soul; one sees it in your eyes. There is no place like London; one lives there, but only exists elsewhere. It is in London one finds one's life's work; there is work for all there."

Lyra leant on her oars and looked at him dreamily—without seeing him. Her heart was filled with an aching desire for something to do, something that should help her to forget Dane; help her to stifle, crush out the misery of her love for him. Here everything reminded her of him, brought him before her mental vision all day long: the garden, the roses, the river—most of all, the river—the valley!

"One is wasted in the country," went on Mr. Chandos, speaking carelessly, as if wrapt in his sketch. "Beautiful as it is, it palls on one in time. The human soul needs change. I think you would like London, Miss Lyra; you would find kindred spirits there. Here," he shrugged his shoulders, "here, amongst farmers and such like persons, you are wasted—wasted. London is life. There are concerts—divine music—theatres—the ever-moving, ever-changing crowd; humanity at its best and brightest. You would shine there."

Lyra smiled sadly and faintly. Why was he always harping on this?

"I do not wish to shine. You spoke of work. What work could one so ignorant as I do?"

She asked the question with no definite object, but Mr. Chandos caught the yearning in her voice—the yearning of which she herself was totally unconscious.

"Oh, believe me, there is a great deal you could do," he said, glancing at her, and then bending over his sketch. "You could engage yourself as a governess——"

Lyra laughed.

"In all London there could not be one more ignorant," she said, half to herself.

"Believe me, you do yourself an injustice," he rejoined. "I have seen in the sitting-room the books you have read; you speak, forgive me, with the truest refinement; you would have no difficulty in getting a situation. But if you do not care for teaching you could learn to paint, to sing——"

Lyra looked at him with mild incredulity.

"Or," he went on, "there are hundreds of persons, old and middle-aged ladies, who are alone in the world, who would be only too grateful to have you for a companion."

"A companion?" said Lyra.

"Yes. To write their letters, to read to them, to bestow upon them the invaluable, the priceless boon of your society and sympathy. Believe me, Miss Lyra, you were not meant to live alone in this solitary, desolate place. You should go to London, the great city that throbs with life and—er—the joy of living!"

Lyra looked at him.

"I am not alone," she said with faint surprise. "I have my father! You forget!"

Mr. Chandos coughed.

"Ah, yes, I forgot," he murmured. "But surely he loves you too well, he is not so selfish, as to desire to sacrifice your young, your beautiful life, your many gifts——"

He stopped, for he saw by the expression of her face, as she moved the oars again, that she had ceased to listen to him.

They rowed down the river against the tide, and Mr. Chandos having finished his sketch, held it away from him and surveyed it with his head on one side, waiting for her to ask to see it; but as she did not do so, indeed appeared to have forgotten it, he said rather plaintively—

"Do you not wish to see my poor attempt to portray you, Miss Lyra?"

"I beg your pardon!" she said apologetically, and she took the sketch.

Mr. Chandos possessed some little skill, and he had not libelled her very badly; indeed, he had contrived to flatter her by some extraordinary fluke.

Lyra smiled.

"Why do you smile?" he murmured reproachfully. "Am I doomed always to provoke your laughter?"

"Oh, no—no!" said Lyra. "I smiled because——" She paused, then said with listless frankness, "It is too good for me."

"No, no!" he said with genuine eagerness. "It is not—it is not! No one could do you justice! Ah, do you not know—have you no mirror to tell you how beautiful you are?"

Lyra flushed to the brow, and laid the sketch down with a quiet dignity which made Mr. Chandos wince.

"I beg your pardon!" he said humbly; "but—but it is the truth."

Lyra looked over his head, the blush faded, her face grew pale again, and she rowed on in silence, Mr. Chandos hanging his head like a scolded schoolboy.

The boat drifted near the shore, and looking up, he saw some ruins in the shape of a church standing amidst trees.

"What is that?" he asked, pointing to them.

Lyra stopped the boat.

"That is an old church; St. Mark's," she said.

"How beautiful—how interesting!" he murmured.

"Would you like to see it?" she asked. "We can land here, and it is only a few steps from the shore."

"I fear that I cannot traverse even a few steps without assistance, and I could not trouble you," he said wistfully.

She put the boat's nose shorewards.

"I will help you," she said sweetly.

She drew the boat on to the beach and helped him out, and gave him her arm. The color crept into Mr. Chandos's face, and his eyes drooped as he took it, and his sordid little heart beat.

All unconscious of the effect she produced on him, Lyra led him into the ruined church and he looked round.

"It would make a charming picture," he murmured. "I should call it 'I Once Had Been.' It would create a sensation in London."

A portion of the church was still in fairly good preservation, and it was shut off from the rest of the ruins by a door of rough planking.

"Why, what is this?" he asked, stopping before it.

"It is a portion of the church that has been kept up," said Lyra. "Service is held here sometimes; it is for the fishermen at Peterel, and they come over in their boats to it when the roads are too bad for them to get to Yarnstaple. Would you like to see the inside?"

Mr. Chandos remarked that he should; and Lyra thrust her hand amongst the ivy growing thickly about the extemporized door, and drew out a key.

"Are you the lady-warden?" he asked, with a smile.

"No," she said simply. "But I know that the key is kept here."

She opened the door, and they passed in. Their entrance startled an owl from its day-dreams, and it flew hooting over their heads.

Mr. Chandos looked round with idle curiosity. This remnant of the old church had been made as decent as possible. There was an old, weather-beaten communion table and some roughly-made pews, and seats with books on them; but the place smelt damp and musty, as all rarely-used buildings do.

"And there is service here sometimes?" he said.

"Yes," said Lyra in a low voice. The quiet serenity, the dim, religious light of the place soothed her troubled heart. "Yes; the fisher-folk are often married here, and always bring their children to be christened; they believe that it secures good fortune for the little ones."

Mr. Chandos listened rather absently at first, then his face changed, and he glanced round him and at her sad, preoccupied face.

"They marry here?" he said. "When—when was the last wedding; do you remember?"

Lyra thought for a moment.

"In the spring—this spring," she said. "Shall we go now?"

"Yes," he said.

As they passed out he murmured—

"I should like to be married there, should not you, Miss Lyra?"

"I don't know," she said simply, unconscious of his melting gaze.

As they drifted home with the tide Mr. Chandos was remarkably silent; and when she helped him out of the boat and up to the house he only said—

"Thank you very much for all your kindness—your great kindness to me, Miss Lyra."

He went straight to his room and remained there, and he spent hours, neither sketching nor writing, but leaning back in his chair softly biting at his nether lip, and staring across the Yaw from under his lowered lids; for Mr. Chandos was thinking hard—very hard.

In the gloaming he saw Lyra go down the garden-path to the shore; and Mary entering the room a moment afterwards, he remarked casually—

"Was that Miss Lyra I saw go out just now?"

"Yes, sir; she be gone to Greely's to borrow the paper for master."

"Why didn't you or the man Griffith go?" asked Mr. Chandos, quite as if Lyra were his property.

"Griffith be gone for wood, and I've got to go to Yarnstaple," replied Mary; "so I've just come up to bring you the light, and ask if there's anything you'll want before I come back."

"No, no thanks, my good Mary," said Mr. Chandos, with a sigh. "Er—unless—er—you will be kind enough to bring me a bottle of whisky with you. I think I should like to rub my foot with it. Whisky is an excellent thing for a sprain."

"All right, sir," said Mary, taking the money; and she grinned as she went out, for she was not by any means a fool.

Half an hour later Mr. Chandos heard the garden gate open. He got up—without any difficulty—and went to the window to get a glimpse of the girl who was now never out of his thoughts; but instead of Lyra's slim, grace figure, he saw a tall, thin man coming up the path.

He was not a Peterel fisherman or Yarnstaple hawker—the only kind of visitors Mr. Chandos had as yet seen—but a man with the unmistakable London stamp about him. He was dressed in London clothes, wore a London tall silk hat, and carried a London umbrella.

The visitor knocked, waited, then Mr. Chandos heard him open the door and enter.

A moment afterwards he heard a sound, something between a groan and a cry of alarm, proceed from the sitting-room below.

It startled Mr. Chandos pretty considerably, and it filled him with a burning and intolerable curiosity.

He waited for a moment or two, then heard voices; the weak, reedy one of Mr. Chester, and a harsh, unsympathetic one—presumably the strange visitor's.

Mr. Chandos drew off his boots quickly, opened his door cautiously, and then, as cautiously and noiselessly, stole down the stairs, and, crouching beside the closed door of the parlor, listened.

CHAPTER XV.

THE high-souled poet, the exquisite and accomplished Mr. Chandos, bent down beside the parlor door and listened.

For a moment or two the voices came to him in a confused murmur, but presently he managed to hear what was going on.

"You must have known that this would happen some day or other," said the stranger.

Mr. Chester groaned.

"I—I didn't think; I forgot," he moaned.

"Ah!" retorted the visitor. "That's just like you; just like gentlemen of your sort. You don't look forward. Now a business man——"

"I'm not a business man; I never was a business man," sighed Mr. Chester.

The other laughed; not exactly unfeelingly, but in a dreary kind of way.

"No, I suppose not, or you wouldn't have done this sort of thing. What a pity it is that folks like you are ever taught to write! Talk about universal education! Seems to me that one-half the people in the world would be happier if they'd never learnt to put their pens to paper. Now, if you'd never been taught to write——"

"I—I don't understand it even yet," said Mr. Chester in a hoarse voice. "Try and explain it to me. Tell me slowly—slowly, Mr. Jarvin."

The man addressed as Jarvin "clicked" his lips, half pityingly, half contemptuously.

"You mean to say you don't understand! Lord! A baby would understand it!"

"I—I am worse than a child in these matters!" moaned Mr. Chester.

Mr. Jarvin clicked his lips again.

"'Pon my soul, I think you are! Look here!" Mr. Chandos crawled on his knees to the keyhole, and saw the visitor, who was seated on the extreme edge of a chair, strike a folded paper with his forefinger. "Seven years ago—or as good as seven years ago—you borrowed five hundred pounds of Levy Moss. It's evident you don't know much about business, or you wouldn't borrow five hundred farth'ngs of such a man as Levy Moss."

Mr. Chester sighed.

"But you do borrow it, and you pay—— Do you know how much interest you pay? No! I'll be sworn you don't!"

Mr. Chester shook his head and groaned.

"Not you! That's the last question gent'emen like you trouble yourselves about! Well, I should say you'd paid

sixty per cent. at the very least."

"That is a great deal," murmured Mr. Chester.

Mr. Jarvin laughed.

"I should think so! But you didn't pay so much as some men I know, after all. Well, Levy Moss renews this bill from time to time, and you go on paying the interest, and I daresay good old Moss would have let the bill run till doomsday, so long as you were fool enough to pay him his sixty per cent.; but unfortunately—or fortunately for you, as it may turn out—Moss makes a bad spec—the ontest of these chaps do sometimes—and has to realize, and he has to hand over the bill to me for money owing; and you may bet he didn't pay me sixty per cent.," remarked Mr. Jarvin viciously.

Mr. Chester blinked and groaned.

"Then—then if I understand it, I owe the money to you?" he said falteringly.

"You do," assented Mr. Jarvin grimly. "Every penny of it!"

"Then—then—why can't I go on owing it for—a little longer?" asked Mr. Chester, not unnaturally. "I—I can pay the interest."

Mr. Jarvin shook his head.

"Sorry," he said, shutting his lips tight, "but I can't manage it. For one thing, I'm not sure, from all I hear, that you can go on paying the interest; and for another, I want the money. The market's tight—very tight; and I've as much as I can do to keep my head above water. I want—understand me, Mr. Chester—I want this five hundred, and I must have it. It's best to be plain and straightforward, isn't it? That's my way; whatever I am, I'm plain and straightforward. I always say what I mean; and when I say that I must have this money, why, I mean it, I really do."

Mr. Chandos saw Mr. Chester lean back, and put his hand to his eyes—a pitiable spectacle, which, however, drew pity from neither Mr. Jarvin's nor Mr. Chandos's heart.

"I—I haven't the money," Mr. Chester said at last, raising his eyes to the hard ones of the man who sat on the edge of the chair and stared like a stone image at his distress.

Mr. Jarvin shook his head.

"That won't do, Mr. Chester; it won't, indeed," he said remonstratingly. "It really won't do! You've had this money, you know—or part of it, for I suppose old Moss deducted the first year's interest?"

"He did!"

"Just so. I thought so, but it's no business of mine. Moss is hard, very hard, always; but I'm not. I've given five hundred good sovereigns for this bill, or as good as five hundred sovereigns, and I must have 'em back, now, mustn't I?"

"But—but if I haven't the money?" pleaded Mr. Chester. "And I haven't!"

Mr. Jarvin shrugged his shoulders, and glanced round the poorly-furnished room as if he were taking a mental inventory.

"I'm sorry, very sorry; as much for my sake as for your own; for, from what I can see, I'm afraid the sticks won't realize half, quarter the sum."

"The sticks?" repeated Mr. Chester sadly, vaguely.

"The good—the furniture. It's all had a deal of wear, and wasn't worth much when it was new, I should say."

Mr. Chester rose from his chair, then sank back white and shaking.

"Do—do you mean—that—that you will sell the furniture—the house—turn us out?" he gasped.

Mr. Jarvin shook his head lugubriously.

"I'm very sorry," he said in a funereal voice. "But what's to be done? You can't expect me to lose this money. But, look here, Mr. Chester, it needn't come to selling up. You must have friends——"

Mr. Chester shook his head.

"I—I have no friends," he said huskily; "no friends at all. There is no one who would lend me this money to save my life. I have no one but my daughter——" His voice broke. "You—you cannot, will not turn us both into the streets—a young girl——"

He covered his face with his hands.

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Jarvin, in his dry, raspy manner. "This is very—er—disagreeable, it is indeed. I'm very sorry for you and the young lady; but what can I do?" and he spread his hands out with an injured air. "I do hate to do business with unbusinesslike persons! Just remember, Mr. Chester, that I'm only asking my fair due. Come, I'm sure you can get this money somehow. You must have had some money sometimes; what have you done with it?"

Mr. Chester looked up with a half frightened, half guilty air.

"I—I saw an advertisement of a limited company—the Bongalaboo Tramway Company—and I—bought some shares. They were paying ten per cent."

Mr. Jarvin looked at him with a fine combination of pity and contempt.

"You went and invested in shares!" he said. "And you know as much about limited companies as I know about—about the mountains in the moon! And I suppose they're gone down now, eh?"

Mr. Chester bowed his head mournfully.

"Yes," he said almost inaudibly; "I—I read in the paper that they had. But—but——" with a feverish wistfulness, "they may have gone up again—increased in value! I have sent for a newspaper—I shall see——"

Mr. Jarvin rose.

"Dear, oh dear! Well, all I can say is, Mr. Chester, that people like you don't deserve to have money, they don't indeed! To go chucking good coin away on companies! Why the most knowing of us get bit, but you——" His feelings appeared too strong for adequate expression. "Look here, I'm afraid you're in a mess; but perhaps these shares may turn out all right, and I'll wait a bit and see. I'll give you a fortnight."

Mr. Chester expressed his gratitude in broken, almost inarticulate words.

"Well—yes, it's unbusinesslike," remarked Mr. Jarvin, almost as if he were ashamed of his leniency, "but I'll do it. You shall have a fortnight; but mind, that's the limit. You'll have to find the money by that time, or really I shall be compelled to——"

He coughed, and polished up his hat on his sleeve, and Mr. Chandos removed his eye from the keyhole, and softly drew himself up the stairs as far as the landing, where he knelt down and watched through the banisters.

Mr. Chester either forgot to offer any hospitality or Mr. Jarvin declined it, for the man of business came out a moment or two afterwards and left the house.

Mr. Chandos crept up to his own room, softly rubbing his back—he had got a crick in it from long kneeling—and his eye, which was chilled by subjection to the draught through the keyhole, and waited and listened with a thoughtful smile.

Half an hour later he heard the gate opened and Lyra's step in the hall. He crept down to the lobby again and listened.

"I have brought you the paper, father," he heard her say. Then she stopped, and in a tone of alarm exclaimed, "Father! What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, no!" he faltered. "Give me the paper!"

Mr. Chandos could hear it rustling in the shaking hands, and knew, though he could not see her, that she was bending over him in tender anxiety. Then came a low cry of despair and grief and a faint scream from Lyra.

With the proper expression of concern and consternation Mr. Chandos limped downstairs and into the room. Mr. Chester was lying back white and unconscious, and Lyra was kneeling by his side, almost as white as himself; the paper lay beside the chair, where it had fallen from the limp hands.

Mr. Chandos behaved like a ministering angel.

"Don't be alarmed—pray, pray don't be alarmed, dear, dear Miss Lyra," he murmured. "He has only fainted. It is nothing serious. Yes, some water——" for Lyra, after the first moment of paralysing terror, had flown for some. "He will be all right presently. See, he is coming to. Now don't, pray don't be alarmed. Remember, I am here," he added, as if he were the whole College of Physicians rolled into one man.

"Oh, what is it?" said Lyra, with her arm round her father's neck, his head on her bosom.

"It is only a fainting fit; I'm subject to them myself," said Mr. Chandos, bathing Mr. Chester's forehead, and deftly pushing the newspaper out of sight under the chair.

Mr. Chester, with a deep sigh, came back to the world which we somehow or other manage to make a very troubled one; and as his eyes rested on Lyra he moaned, and let his head sink on her breast. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he was conscious of all she was to him.

"My poor girl!" he murmured, as she pressed him to her in an agony of apprehension.

"What is it, father?" she besought him.

"My poor child!" he moaned again. "Lyra——" but Mr. Chandos's suave voice slipped in.

"I don't think you should exert yourself by talking, my dear sir. Keep quite quiet for a few minutes, and then we will help you to your room."

Mr. Chester, after a glance round the parlor, as if he expected to still see the odious figure of his creditor, sank back.

"We will get him upstairs, dear Miss Lyra," murmured Mr. Chandos, "and—ahem!—I don't think I would permit him to talk at all to-night. We will send for the doctor—pray do not cry." There were no tears in Lyra's eyes, her grief and terror being beyond tears. "I cannot be too thankful that I am at your side in this hour of trouble."

Between them—Mr. Chandos still keeping up his limp—they got the stricken old man to his room.

"I will send Mary to you the moment she comes in," murmured Mr. Chandos, "and Griffith shall go for the doctor. And be sure you do not let him talk and excite himself."

His spurious sympathy was rewarded by a look of gratitude from Lyra's eyes; and feeling quite like a good Samaritan, he went down to the parlor—without the limp—and pulling out the newspaper from under the chair turned to the money article.

Running down the stock and share quotations he came to the Bongalaboo Tramway Company. Its shares had gone down to zero, and Mr. Chester was indeed a ruined man.

Mr. Chandos read the disastrous information with a complacent smile of profound satisfaction; then carefully tore out the portion of the paper which contained the money news and popped it on the fire.

"What a piece of luck!" he murmured, his pale eyes glistering, his thin lips smiling. "Yes, my dear Miss Lyra, I think it will be my turn to laugh presently."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN AMUSING MISTAKE.—An English paper tells the following story about Dr. Holmes: When he was in England, in 1886, he found himself on one occasion at a "crush" in London among a great mass of people, including several royal personages. He sat quietly in a corner, but presently, feeling a little faint, and observing refreshments in the distance, he turned to an elderly personage standing near, whom he supposed to be a butler or something of that kind, and asked for a harmless beverage. The supposed servant brought this with great alacrity and remarked: "I am very glad to meet you, Dr. Holmes." The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table was a little taken aback, and the stranger added: "I am Prince Christian." "Dear me," said Holmes, alive at once to the joke, "I have not had much acquaintance with princes, and, do you know, I took you for the waiter!" At this Prince Christian went off into a burst of merriment. "Where is my wife?" he said. "I must tell her this. She admires you immensely." Off went Prince Christian to fetch the Princess, and the genial American philosopher was soon the centre of a circle of royalty, greatly delighted by the incident.

EXPRESSED BY PANTOMIME.—The jurors of the Paris Exhibition who had the judging of the wines exhibited by the various countries, were very much puzzled when they came to a number of samples from China. Not one had any experience of Chinese wine, and there was no standard to go upon. They were totally unlike European wines, resembling rather liqueurs in sweetness and consistency, but nobody could tell which was the best and which the worst.

At last a brilliant idea struck one of the jurors.

"Why not," said he, "have in some of the natives from the Chinese village in the grounds, and try the effect on them?"

The suggestion was approved. A couple of Chinamen were fer, but when they arrived the trouble wasn't over, for the Chinamen could speak no English and the jurors were ignorant of Chinese, and eventually the experts had to express by pantomime their rapture, dislike or indifference, as the case might be.

In this way the Chinese wines were judged, but at the expense of the heads of the critics, who were carried back to the village in a condition which was the envy of all their countrymen.

A PASSENGER who escaped uninjured from a serious railway smash, seeing a fellow traveler searching anxiously among the wreckage with a lantern, offered to assist in the search, and thinking the old man had lost his wife, asked in sympathetic tones: "What part of the train was she in?" Raising his lantern and glaring at the kindly disposed passenger, the old man shouted with indignant distinctness that triumphed over physical infirmity: "She, sir! she! I am looking for my teeth!"

Bric-a-Brac.

GLASSES.—The custom of setting several glasses before each person for the different wines that are to be served belongs to the nineteenth century. In the eighteenth century the glass was dipped at each new wine into small earthenware vessels filled with water which were placed upon the table within reach of the guests.

CHESTNUTS.—In Tuscany and many other parts chestnuts are ground into flour after a month's drying before a slow fire. Hence the farina dolce of the poorest peasants in the mountains, who just manage to keep body and soul together on this not very nutritious food, when meat or maize is not to be had. They work it up into thick porridge, or into soup or cakes, and get it down with the help of a little cheese, stock-fish, or pickled herring.

WHEN THEY MIGHT CUT DEEP.—The late Professor Henry Morley once told his class in University College, London, that it was possible to fix the date of a certain writer pretty exactly from an inscription carved with a knife on a school desk. "Now," said the genial Professor to his hearers, "I don't want you to begin to carve your names on these desks; but if any of you know that you will become famous, you may cut them as deeply as you like."

RUSSIAN SIGNS.—Russian merchants do very little advertising, principally because the great majority of the humbler classes cannot read. And this is not to be wondered at, as there are thirty-six letters in the Russian alphabet, which seem to have the combined difficulties of the Greek, Chinese and Arabian characters. The signs on the stores in Russia are mostly pictorial. For instance, the dairy signs are cows; the tea signs, Chinamen sipping tea; a barber's sign, a bare-armed man shaving another, etc.

"ON TICK."—There are few people who can conscientiously say that they have never heard those two most suggestive words, "On Tick;" and possibly there are many to whom the sight of them may recall unpleasant reminiscences. It is a term, however, in very common use, especially among the impecunious class; in fact, some of them may be said to live on the practice so-named. "Tick," for credit, is a word at least as old as the seventeenth century, and is corrupted from ticket, as a tradesman's bill was formerly called. The phrase was originally "on ticket"—that is, things taken to be put in the bill.

BEES NEARLY FOUR THOUSAND YEARS OLD.—There were found not long since, in an old pit in an Egyptian village, several mummies, one of which was supposed to be the Pharaoh in whose reign the ten plagues befell the country. This mummy was removed to Cairo for examination. In unrolling the linen, many flowers that had been buried with the king dropped out, and a number of bees in a mummy state were also found in a small urn. The bees were of the same size and bore the same markings as the Ligurian, or Italian, bee of the present day. If we put the Pharaoh's date at, say, 3000 B. C., these mummy bees must be nearly four thousand years old.

COURT-MARTIALING AN ELEPHANT.—It is the business of a court-martial to try soldiers and sailors accused of offence, but sometimes strange prisoners come before it. At the battle of Sabraon, Feb. 10, 1846, the 9th Lancers were required to escort some 24-pounders, which were to be dragged by elephants into position. One of them turning obstinate and refusing to draw, the men in charge of the animals had it brought before them, under the guard of two other elephants, to be tried. The court sentenced it to twenty-five lashes, which were duly inflicted by a fellow-elephant. Taking a big double chain on its trunk, at the word of command it gave the rebel elephant five-and-twenty tremendous whacks. The culprit was thoroughly cowed, and no longer declined to draw the gun.

FIRING BACK THEIR OWN BULLETS.—The use of a dummy to "draw" an enemy's fire is a device not unknown to the writers of story-books; but according to the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, the Maoris actually resorted to such a plan for the purpose of getting bullets when their supplies ran short, during the war between the British and the natives of New Zealand many years ago. As soon as the dummy appeared it was warmly peppered with bullets, and then pulled down with a rope. Presently it was put up again, and again it was fired at, and again it was permitted to be slain. This went on until the rope itself was struck and cut in two, when the dummy fell down with a bang, and none of the real live Maoris durst climb the tree to tie on a new rope, as they would certainly have been killed. Meanwhile the bullets having been dug out of the earth-bank behind the tree, the enemy were able to resume active hostilities and fire at the British with their own shot.

"No, GEORGE," she said, "I can never be yours." "Then I am rejected?" he moaned. "No, dearest, not that; but I am a woman's suffragist and cannot be any man's. You, however, may be mine if you will."

ONLY A WOMAN.

BY J. C.

Only a woman, shrivelled and old!
The play of the winds and the prey of the cold!
Cheeks that are shrunken,
Eyes that are sunken,
Lips that were never o'erbold.
Only a woman forsaken and poor,
Asking an alms at the bronze church door.

Only a woman! In the old days
Hope caroled to her her happiest lays;
Somebody missed her,
Somebody kissed her,
Somebody crowned her with praise;
Somebody faced up the battles of life
Strong for her sake who was mother or wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair
Light on his heart where the death shadows are;
Somebody waits for her,
Opening the gates for her,
Giving delight for despair.
Only a woman—nevermore poor—
Dead in the snow at the bronze church door.

WIFE OR SISTER?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," "AN ANGEL UNAWARES," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V—(CONTINUED)

MISS LUXTON let her cold glance wander to Eva's face, and for a moment read there as much bewildered discomposure as she wished to see; but it was for a moment only. All the pride, the wilfulness in the younger woman's nature were roused, and she was ready to say or do anything reckless or that might seem like a defiance to Regina Luxton.

"Oh—very well, as you please!" she replied carelessly; then, turning to Mr. Venables with a brilliant smile, she went on with what Miss Luxton inwardly stigmatised as "audacious coquetry." "You do not mind a tete-a-tete meal, Jack? It will not be the first we have had together."

Miss Luxton saw, though Eva did not, the quick passionate glance with which Jack Venables answered the saucy challenge, and her heart throbbed with a wicked exultation as she left the cousins alone.

"Why should I hate or plot against the empty-headed butterfly creature?" she asked herself, as she made her way to the room in which Jessie lay tossing and moaning in her feverish unrest. "She will not be long in my way. Mr. Jack Venables dislikes and distrusts me, I know, but none the less is he my best friend and ally. They will be mine again soon—Jessie, Redmond, and all. Oh, I can wait—I will wait patiently!"

Jack Venables' heart beat fast as the door closed behind Miss Luxton, and he knew that for some hours at least he and Eva were to be alone. He was not a man easily made nervous, or likely to excite himself about trifles, but he felt now that a crisis in his life was at hand, and for the moment he was unprepared to meet it.

As much as it was in him to love any one he had loved Eva Ellison; and, perhaps, the very fact that he had lost her made Redmond Forrest's wife more absolutely charming in his eyes than Eva Ellison had been.

He looked at her as a man who had been despoiled of some precious jewel might look when he saw his lost treasure in the hands of another—with angry covetous eyes—hardly thinking it impossible to regain it, yet unable to tear himself away while the faint chance of recovery remained.

"Eva," he said at length, breaking the curious silence with a nervous laugh, "is a third person absolutely necessary to make conversation for us two? Can we not find a word to say to one another now we are alone?"

She looked hurriedly round from the window out of which she had been staring with fixed intensity, and he saw that the brown eyes were full of tears.

"Eva!" He bent forward, suddenly seized her two hands, and gazed with desperate beseeching earnestness at her pale troubled face. "You are crying. Have I offended you by what I said?"

"No—oh, no, not you!" she answered, shrinking back, and trying to release herself from that close clasp.

"Who then? No, Eva, you shall tell me; I have a right to ask! I am your cousin, the nearest relation you have, and more than that. You are not happy, Eva?"

"I have not said that," she protested, raising her head a little haughtily, but looking resolutely away from the beseeching eyes. "I—I am not very well, Jack, that is all. You know I always felt the hot weather, even in the old days."

He dropped her hands suddenly, and moved a little away from her with the pained air of a man who has received some undeserved rebuke.

"I know you used to trust me in those old days," he remarked, with a sigh; "and I forgot how everything has changed since then—everything but my care for you!"

The reproach cut the girl to the heart.

"And mine for you, Jack!" she exclaimed eagerly, clasping her hands upon his arm, and raising her sweet face to his. "I do like you, I do trust you still, Jack, only I—I could not speak of what troubled me; it would sound like complaint."

"And have you nothing to complain of? Are you happy in your marriage?—in your new home? You, so accustomed to love and worship, Eva—you, who were like a little queen always to your father and to me!"

A sob rose in Eva's throat, and a few big tears brimmed over the black lashes and rolled down her pale cheeks.

"My poor father!" she murmured brokenly; and yet it seemed as though she welcomed the change of subject, because it excused the tears she could not repress. "I think he spoiled me, Jack."

"He could not do that; but he loved you very dearly—taught you to expect love as your natural right, and made you perhaps unfit to cope with hard, selfish, and unsympathetic people. He was very careful of his darling Eva, and yet perhaps he did not guard her very wisely after all. When he refused you to me and chose Professor Forrest for his son-in-law he little guessed——"

"We are not talking—we will not talk of that old-time folly!" Eva interrupted, her tone very firm and resolute, and her eyes almost angrily bright. "My father loved and trusted Professor Forrest before all men, and he was worthy that trust. Be sure that, when I was weak enough to admit a vague unhappiness, I was not regretting my marriage or complaining of my husband to you!"

The young man bit his lip, his fingers trifled nervously with his long drooping moustache, and there was a sudden malignant gleam in his eyes before he answered, with a forced smile—

"You are very loyal, Eva; but, in any case, you would be firm to the pride that was always your strongest point. However, granting that your husband is the preux chevalier you would have me consider him, I cannot think that you are happy, or that your father would be content could he see the position you hold in your own home."

"It is my own fault," she answered coldly and wearily. She was too loyal to let her husband be even indirectly blamed, too truthful to deny the fact that was patent to all.

"Is it your own fault that you are too proud to struggle for that which should be accorded you as a free-will offering—the respect and obedience of all within your husband's walls, Eva? Is it right that Miss Luxton should be mistress here?"

"Yes, Jack, it is right, or, if it is not, the fault is all my own. She wished to give up her keys and leave the house the very day Redmond brought me home, but I asked her to stay."

"Why? Because your husband wished it?" Jack asked slowly; then, as the girl turned her crimsoning face aside, he broke into a curious jarring laugh—"I see, that was the reason. Why should he wish it, Eva? Why should he in all things prefer her to and place her above you?"

"He does not," Mrs. Forrest answered proudly. "A man places no one above the woman he chooses for his wife!"

Jack Venables gave a grave compassionate smile that irritated, pained, and bewildered the girl all at once. Then he said irrelevantly—

"His choice was limited—at least, I mean the law of the land stepped in. I do not say that such a thought ever crossed his mind; but one thing is certain—however much he might admire and respect, and in a philosophical professor-like way love Miss Luxton, he could not possibly marry his sister-in-law. Eva, my dear, what is it?"

For she had dropped into the nearest chair with a little bewildered cry. Her hands were tightly clasped, her face was very pale, and there was a strange stunned look in her eyes.

"Oh, noth'ng, nothing," she exclaimed, waving him impatiently away; "your fancy amused me—that was all! Miss Luxton may be very clever, and she has been handsome, I think, but she is old—almost an old woman. No one would be jealous of her in that—that foolish way."

"And is Redmond Forrest a young man? They have grown old together, nourishing perhaps one hope, doomed to one disappointment, and resigning themselves to the inevitable at last."

The luncheon-bell broke prosaically in upon Jack Venables' carefully-weighed words. He muttered a malediction on the inopportune interruption; but Eva hailed it with intense relief.

"Come in to luncheon, Jack," she said, her cheeks and eyes bright, her tones full of feverish gaiety; "and afterwards you shall take me to the 'Grosvenor,' the Academy—anywhere for a little amusement! I am so tired of these old people and this dull house!"

CHAPTER VI.

I AM so glad to see you, Redmond! It was wrong perhaps to summon you at once, but I am always uneasy about Jessie; she is so delicate!"

Miss Luxton came out on the landing at the sound of her brother-in-law's step, and stood with her back to the door, almost as though she were guarding it against him. He could hardly distinguish her face in the dim light; but he was struck by something strange in her tone, and also by the fact that she did not take his outstretched hand or to offer to go near him.

"You were right; and I came instantly. The conference business can wait," he replied impatiently. "But where is Jessie? Is she worse than usual?"

"She is very ill, Redmond."

"Has the Doctor seen her? But of course he has! What does he say?"

Before Miss Luxton could answer, there came through the doorway the wailing feverish cry with which her ears were familiar, but which sent a keen pain to the father's heart.

"Eva! Where is Eva?" the voice cried wearily, yet with pathetic impatience. "Eva is cruel not to come!"

Professor Forrest looked keenly into the woman's face.

"It is fever!" he exclaimed; and Miss Luxton inclined her head.

"Yes—it is scarlet fever. No, Redmond—you must not go into that room—indeed you must not! Doctor Redfern has given strict orders for our isolation. He will will be here again presently."

She could not say more, for Redmond Forrest put her quietly aside and took the handle of the door in his hand. He did not however enter immediately, but asked with a faint yet noticeable change in his manner—

"Is Eva with her? Has Eva seen her to-day?"

"No," Miss Luxton answered curtly. It was gall and wormwood to her that he should in such a moment spare a thought to his young wife; but there was compensation in remembering the answer she could give.

The man's face brightened as he said gratefully—

"I have to thank you for that, Regina. Eva is so young and thoughtless that she would never have taken the necessary precautions against infection. Thank you for keeping her away!"

Miss Luxton favored him with a blank stare.

"Pray do not give me thanks and praise to which I am in no way entitled!" she returned disagreeably. "Mrs. Forrest has been too well amused during your absence to wish the dull role of nurse. She certainly has not forced herself upon us; I doubt if she even knows that Jessie is ill.

The tone more than the words irritated Professor Forrest, and, notwithstanding his strong will and resolute convictions, filled him with a vague fear. Even he could not be blind to the fact that his sister-in-law did not and never would like Eva, despite the unexampled patience with which his wife had yielded and deferred to her. But, himself strictly truthful, he did not think Regina Luxton base enough to invent a deliberate falsehood against the person she most hated in the world.

"No—she has misconstrued Eva, as usual," he thought, with a sigh; then aloud he said gravely—

"I do not think poor Eva has too much amusement, Regina."

"She had not perhaps until her cousin came," was the quick answer.

Redmond frowned, but went on, as thought he had heard it—

"And no one can call her a bad stepmother. Jessie and she are always together."

"Or were until her cousin came," observed Regina, with savage zest. "Since then everything that she should care for has been thrust into the background. Oh, you may frown and bite your lip, Redmond; but it is true! Hark! Can you distrust that evidence against her unconsciously as the poor child gives it?"

She raised her hand to enforce silence; and again through the closed door came the faint accusing cry—

"Eva! Why does not Eva come?"

The strong man shuddered as he heard it, and Miss Luxton's eyes brightened and dilated with a pitiless triumph.

"That has gone on all day," she informed him, with passionate intensity. "Mrs. Forrest's victory over me has been complete. She won both you and Jessie from me, and you see how she treats the child. While Jessie has been longing for the sight of her face, she down-stairs has been singing, playing, talking nonsense, and lunching alone with her cousin, who, unless I greatly mistake, was once her lover and is still."

"Stay!" Professor Forrest interposed imperatively. His tone was low but stern, and his eyes flashed in the shadowy gloom. "I will hear no more. My wife is accountable to me and to me only for her actions; we will not speak of her. And, for the rest, do you mean that Mr. Venables is in the house still?"

"I do not," Regina answered, after a sullen pause. She resented the rebuke bitterly, and for a moment thought of refusing to speak again; but that determination was promptly reconsidered and dismissed. She had not yet made all the mischief she intended. "But neither is Mrs. Forrest. They went out together immediately after luncheon, and they have not yet returned."

Redmond Forrest was not easily made jealous; but his face grew very pale, and a quickly stifled cry that might have been either an imprecation or a sob rose to his lips. But, if Miss Luxton hoped for any outbreak of passion, any wild imprecation, she was doomed to disappointment. He recovered himself almost immediately, and said, with a perfect self-control for which she admired him almost as much as she hated the girl for whose sake he exerted it—

"Immediately after luncheon; and it is now eight! Eva is very imprudent: she knows nothing of the world's ways. But I must explain to her that such excursions are neither usual nor allowable."

Miss Luxton listened in disgust. All efforts to traduce Eva only showed the savagely-jealous woman how securely her young rival was throned in the man's strong true heart.

"And Mr. Venables?" she queried, her sharp voice quivering with anger, despite all her efforts to steady and control it. "Is he too so innocent, so delightfully ignorant of the world's ways?"

"No—he is not. But I know how to deal with him," Redmond answered quietly; but, for all that quietude, something in his look and manner assured his sister-in-law that he did not mean to take things quite so patiently as she had at first imagined.

"You will do nothing rash, Redmond?" she asked. "Hark—they are here now!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling with agitation and excitement, as a carriage drove up to the door, and she caught the sound of voices and heard light laughter in the hall below. "Listen how merry they are! How well they understand and amuse each other! Redmond, remember our old and faithful friendship, the years we have spent together! It was my duty to warn you. But you will do nothing rash?"

Professor Forrest shook off the long thin hand she had laid upon his wrist.

"Assuredly I will do nothing rash," he rejoined, in a cool matter-of-course tone that half bewildered her. "But you are right, Regina. I will wait. Doctor Redfern is coming. I will not pay a visit to my poor Jessie until I have seen my wife."

He turned and descended the stairs with the light firm tread that always seemed like the step of a young man. Miss Luxton stood at the head of the stairs looking after him, her hands tightly locked, a malicious gleam in her hard bright eyes.

"He thinks always of and for her," she thought with anger that would fain have been contemptuous, but was only fierce. "Even in his just and righteous anger he can remember the danger of infection and guard her against it. Oh, the power these shallow, empty-headed selfish dolls have over the hearts of men?"

Meanwhile Professor Forrest had reached the door of the long dimly-lighted drawing-room, in which, less than a year ago, Regina Luxton and Jessie had awaited the home-coming of him and his bride. A

sudden vivid remembrance of that scene—of Eva's shy grace, Regina's sternness, and his little Jessie's honest loving welcome came to and oppressed him. He paused for a second with the half-raised portiere in his hand, struggling for the self-control that he would not willingly lose. And, while he waited, voices came clearly to his ear, rousing him to the necessity of instant action.

"Well, so end all things—so ends our pleasant holiday!" Jack Venables said, with a sigh that made Redmond Forrest grate his teeth and mutter an angry word or two. "Well, it was a pleasant one while it lasted—eh, Eva?"

"Very pleasant," replied Mrs. Forrest, with a nervous laugh; "but I am rather tired, and—— Oh, Jack, you forgot my rings!"

"I wish to Heaven I could forget one ring!" returned Jack Venables, with a fierce outbreak of passion, squeezing the slender hand still more tightly, regardless of his captive's pitiful little cry. "Eva, it must be good-bye now!"

"I think it must."

The low stern voice coming from out the shadow fell like a thunder-clap upon the ears of the pair, making them instantly start asunder, wringing a startled cry from Eva, and something very like a malediction from Jack.

The gas, though lighted, was burning low. Redmond Forrest turned it up, and its rays fell upon the three faces it revealed—two of them marked with a confusion that might well have passed for guilt, the third composed, but very pale and stern.

"Redmond!" faltered Eva confusedly. "I—I did not think you would be here to-night!"

"No?" Redmond just glanced at her; and, meeting that glance timidly, Eva thought that, so far as she was concerned, there was much more pity than anger in his eyes; but they hardened instantly as they turned towards Mr. Venables.

"I do not blame you, Eva—I know how ignorant you are of the world's ways; but you will understand later that what you have done to-day is unusual if not absolutely wrong."

Eva's eyes dilated like those of a frightened child, her lips parted, and her face, throat, and ears became suffused with scarlet.

"Oh," she cried passionately, the tears starting to her eyes and glittering on her long lashes, "what have I done? Why should you speak to me like that? I was miserable at home, so Jack drove me to Richmond and back—that was all."

Face, eyes, and tone were so innocently appealing that Professor Forrest felt the slight doubt he had ever entertained of his young wife's absolute guilelessness vanish. He smiled and touched with caressing gentleness the little hand that trembled on his arm.

"You have been a foolish child, Eva. Now dry your eyes and listen quietly. What I have to say must and will pain you; but all the same it must be said."

"I fail to see why," Jack Venables broke in, with an insolent drawl.

He was tired of the silent role that he had hitherto played; and, as he saw, in his own vernacular, that "a row was on hand," he decided that he would rather hasten than retard the crisis, and know at once how matters stood.

The old chap seems so awfully spoony that Eva will find him easy enough to manage; but it will be quite another pair of shoes with him," he reflected, with amused perplexity, as he stood twisting and twirling his long soft moustache and revolving various projects in his mind. "I wonder if I had not better bully him a bit. At any rate, I think I will have a shy. Injured innocence is about the most dignified pose I can think of at the moment."

Thus determining, he threw back his handsome head, and, regarding Redmond Forrest insolently through his half-closed eyes, repeated, with an aggravation of his usual drawl—

"I entirely fail to see why. Poor little Eva does not stand bullying well, Professor. She never was accustomed to it in the old days, and I do not see why she should put up with it now! She—well, to put it plainly, she has no duties and few pleasures in her husband's home; and so, when I offered her the mild dissipation of a drive to Richmond with her cousin and old friend, she accepted it, thinking no harm. If there was any wrong-doing—which I deny—blame me—call on me for an explanation!"

"I intend to do so," Professor Forrest answered, as quietly and sternly as he had listened to the long and rambling speech. "Or, rather, I blame you entirely in the matter. As to any explanation, it would be alike useless and unnecessary. I do not ask such persons as you, Mr. Venables, to 'explain' a gross and patent breach of hospitality; I simply forbid them my house!"

"Forbid me the house?" Jack repeated indignantly. "You are mad or dreaming, sir! Such words are nothing less than an insult to your wife!"

"Your presence here is an insult to her and to me, and an insult to which I am not disposed much longer to submit! You were bidding your cousin 'Good-bye' when I came in. Complete your leave-taking, for I mean this to be your last meeting.

Eva, paler than the white flowers at her throat, and trembling from head to foot with agitation, looked with dim bewildered eyes from one fierce face to the other.

"What is it?" she cried piteously. "Jack—Redmond, what does it all mean? Have I made you two quarrel? Is it about me?"

Even in the midst of his passion and inflexible resolve Redmond Forrest found time to pity and soothe her passionate distress.

"No, no!" he replied, resting one hand on her shoulder, and smiling the grave sweet smile that thrilled to Eva's aching heart. "Calm yourself, Eva! You are not to blame; you have made no quarrel.

She looked up gratefully into his face, and that look made Jack Venables merciless.

"Do not believe him, Eva!" he exclaimed, with a cruel laugh. "He is ashamed of his mad causeless jealousy, as well he may be, and would try to persuade you and the world, and no doubt himself, that he has some other cause of dispute with me. But, when people hear that he has forbidden me—your cousin, and only living relation—to see or speak to you"—he paused, smiling and stroking his soft moustache in full enjoyment of the sting he meant to give—"I am afraid, Eva, the world will misconstrue the action and misjudge you."

"I care very little for the world's opinion," observed Redmond Forrest, meeting that insolent glance with a look of calm dignity that made the other feel desperately uncomfortable; "but it would hardly blame me for closing my door upon a forger and a thief, even though my wife has the misfortune to call him cousin! Shall I take the world into my confidence, Mr. Venables?"

CHAPTER VII.

A DEEP silence succeeded the quietly-spoken words, which was broken only by Eva's passionate, imploring, heart-struck cry.

"A thief! A forger!" she echoed, her lips quivering, her eyes flashing with indignant incredulity. "It is not—it cannot be true! Oh, Jack, cannot you speak and defend yourself from such a horrible accusation?"

Jack Venables raised his head. He had stood until then with one hand clutching the chair-back, trembling like a frightened child, speechless and evidently cowed before the man he had so insolently defied a moment before. Eva's appeal seemed to arouse what little strength and manliness were left in him; but his face, as he turned it to her, made the girl's heart sink, for in its ghastly pallor, in the shifting restless terror of the great dark eyes, she read a miserable confirmation of her husband's words.

"Is it necessary to depend myself?" he asked, speaking with an affectation of difference that was worse than a confession of guilt. "No one but a madman—a man driven mad by the jealousy that is an insult to you, Eva—would dream of making such an accusation!"

"And I should not have brought it," the Professor answered calmly, and, for all his anger, there was a touch of pity in his grave full tones, "but it is necessary that Eva should know you as you are. It was her dying father's wish."

"My father's?" Eva ejaculated incredulously. "Oh, Redmond, did papa think—did papa know?"

"Don't interrupt the story, Eva!" remarked Jack, a mocking smile upon his livid lips and an evil light in his dark eyes. "It is an ingenious romance, and does its author great credit! You see, a dead man is to bear witness against me; it is so easy to appeal to, so hard to confute the dead!"

Eva neither looked at nor answered him. Her eyes sought her husband's face as though life itself hung upon his reply. He noticed the piteous doubt in her eyes, and felt with an acute sympathy the pain he must inflict.

"Forgive me, Eva!" he said gently. "It is not for me to wound your pride and your affection; yet I must do both, if only because it is your father's will. He did know of your cousin's crime, Eva, and he placed the knowledge of it as a weapon in my hands, to be held in reserve and used only for your defence."

"Defence against what?" Jack Venables asked, with the same air of over-acted indifference and exaggerated contempt, "Did my worthy uncle spend his last moment in calumniating me? I beg your pardon, Eva, but I really must ask the question. Or did he rouse your jealousy by telling you all that I had been to Eva and she to me before he parted us? No—do not look at me with those agonized eyes! I at least speak only the truth, and truth is a bitter pill sometimes. You see the man whom a strained sense of filial duty forced you to marry may well feel a vindictive grudge against the man whom that same sense of duty forced you to give up."

Eva's face was hidden in her clasped hands, and only the quick shiver that ran through the slender figure showed that the words had reached her ear. As for Professor Forrest, he was to all appearance absolutely unmoved, and proceeded quite calmly.

"He told me all, and Heaven knows what it cost the proud old man to tell the story. Nothing but care for his daughter's safety could have led him to touch upon the family disgrace. It was just one week before he died. You remember the day, Eva? He sent you out for a long walk, and he and I spent the afternoon together.."

Eva inclined her head. How plainly she remembered that day, her solitary walk, the fears and painful memories that accompanied her every step, and the bewildering surprise that awaited her on her return!

Jack Venables broke into a sneering laugh.

"So you were banished, Eva," he remarked, "and the accusation was without witnesses? How charmingly convenient—was it not?"

"Without witnesses, but not without proof," observed the Professor significantly; and Mr. Venables' fine brows gave a nervous twitch. Then Redmond turned again to his wife, and his voice involuntarily softened in addressing her.

"Your father was very ill—that morning the doctor had forbidden him to hope—and he knew that the end was at hand. He had but one thought in the shadow of death, Eva, and that was for you. 'I have been selfish to my child, Forrest,' he said, with pathetic self-reproach and wistful regret. 'She has spent her life in wandering with me, and now, when I must leave her, she has no friends. Eva never had but one companion of her own age, and, alas, he is her greatest danger now!' I was touched to the heart by my old friend's helpless pain, and I told him—— But I will not dwell upon that now; this is neither the time or place for such a story. Besides, I have other things to tell."

"It is a pity," Mr. Venables interpolated, with an air of affected regret, "for I presume you were about to tell the story of your wooing, and it lacks romantic interest as yet!"

"I asked your father to leave you in my charge, to trust you to me, Eva, and he gladly and freely agreed."

"Handed you over like a piece of furniture bought and paid for across a counter!" Jack Venables exclaimed, with savage sarcasm. But the remark passed as unheeded as its predecessor, and the Professor continued his narrative.

"'Speak to her, Redmond, at once. Let me know that I leave her in your care, and I shall die happy,' he said, with a tremulous eager earnestness that almost frightened me. 'Eva is so young, so lonely; I could not rest in my grave if I left her without a friend.' 'Has she no relations?' I asked; and his whole face seemed to darken with a cloud of grief and shame as he answered slowly, 'Yes, she has one—her cousin Jack Venables, my sister Clara's son. Once he was as dear to me as my own, and I had hoped that he would be Eva's husband. Now it is my most earnest prayer that those two may never meet again!'

"The great drops that gathered on his forehead told how much it cost him to speak on the subject. Then he continued hurriedly—

"'Redmond, it is quite possible that when I am dead John Venables may come back from America, and, by playing upon Eva's old affection for him, either rob or make her miserable. That you may guard her from him as I have done I tell you the story of his crime and place in your hands the proofs that would convict him.'

"And then he told me all; how the nephew to whom he had been almost a father had first wearied him by reckless extravagance, and then robbed him and forged his name.

"'Thank Heaven, I discovered the last shameful sin in time to save my child,' the poor Colonel told me, 'in time to break off the engagement to which, in a weak moment, I had given my consent! I told Eva nothing; I could not look in her innocent face and deal her such a blow; but I sent for the unhappy boy and told him!'"

"Enough, enough!" Jack broke in, with a fierce energy that was as real as his scorn and indifference had been affected. "The story is a little too much. Rather than listen any longer I would confess to every crime in the calendar. Eva, since it must be—good-bye!"

Mrs. Forrest raised her pale tear-stained face and her agonized eyes to his. She looked like one crushed by some cruel blow, and almost old and haggard in her distress.

"It is not true," she said, in a dull mechanical way. "Oh, Jack, it cannot be true! Say that it is not, and I will believe you!"

She hardly knew what she was uttering. But the words were like a blow to Redmond Forrest, and they brought a flush of passionate exultation to Jack Venables' face. His eyes, glittering with insolent defiance, flashed one triumphant glance at the man who held the power to crush him, and who yet was for the moment foiled; then Venables turned to Eva again.

"My own true-hearted Eva!" he exclaimed, his tones thrilling for once with no assumed passion. "My loyal cousin and friend! It will take all their proofs to convince you, as it took all your father's power to make you give me up. Say 'Good-bye,' Eva! We have said it once already, when it almost broke our hearts; now it is a form only."

He held the little trembling hand in a close grasp. But the girl did not echo his farewell, she only repeated, in a broken agitated whisper—

"Jack, it is not true! Oh, say it is not, or my heart will break!"

"True or false, what does it matter?" he asked impatiently. "We must part now in any case. Your husband, whose generous allowance of your rights allows him clearly to define your duties, forbids me his house——"

"And you had better go!" Redmond Forrest exclaimed, with rather threatening quietness. He came forward as he spoke and stood by Eva's side, tall and stately-looking. "You understand, Mr. Venables, that I have spoken for the first and last time upon this subject, unless you make any further effort to molest my wife."

"Your wife!" Jack snarled viciously. "How grandly you pose as her champion and protector! And yet, between you and Miss Luxton, I fancy she does not find much happiness beneath your roof. Eva, once more, for the last time, good-bye. I may not even contribute to your happiness, my dear—your father's mad fancy spoiled your life and mine—but I hope your husband will make you as happy as he can, and as his all-powerful sister-in-law allows?"

He went; and, as the door closed behind him and his step ceased to echo in the hall, Eva's head fell forward on her outstretched arms, and all the pent-up misery of her thoughts found vent in a passion of tears, in the heart-broken cry—

"Oh, Jack, Jack—even you! I have not one friend now in the wide world!"

Her husband's grave face contracted as with a sudden spasm of pain. He knew that the girl had either forgotten or was unaware of his presence, that the cry was wrung from her only by her desolate agony; but none the less did it strike him as a keen reproach.

"Not a friend, Eva?" he queried in grave tender tones. "Have you forgotten your husband, child?"

Eva started at the touch of the hand laid upon her shoulder, and raised her agonized face. She tried to brush her tears away, but they would gather and fall again.

"My husband!" she repeated, with what sounded in Redmond's ear like an echo of her cousin's mocking laugh. "Oh, yes, I have my husband—or so much of him as Miss Luxton will allow!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOUTHFUL ASSASSINS.—It is a subject worthy of special consideration that nearly all the worst assassins of recent years have been very young men. The murderer of President Carnot was 22 years of age, and other recent Anarchist murders were quite young men. To go back a few years, three of the Phœnix Park assassins who were hanged were Timothy Kelly, aged 18 years; Michael Fagan, 24; Thomas Caffrey, 24. Three young men who were sent to penal servitude for life because of their attempt to blow up a part of London by nitro-glycerine, a few years ago, were Alfred Whitehead, 23; Henry Wilson, 21; William Ansburgh, 21. The Anarchist who attempted to take the life of the French Premier (M. Jules Ferry) in 1883 was only 18; and Albert Young, who threatened the life of the Queen in 1882, was only 17 years of age.

HOME-SICK.

BY M. ROOK.

Last eve the swallows northward flew:
They longed, I know, to see
The budding woods, the violets blue,
The daisies on the lea.
Heart-sick am I for hazel dells
Where robin-redbreasts sing,
Where azure mists of sweet blue-bells
Beneath the beech-boughs spring.

I long to see the mountains tall
Rise 'gainst a dappled sky,
To hear the cuckoo's joyous call,
The corn-crake's whirring cry—
To see the friends of long ago,
To touch a friendly hand,
To feel the ev'ning breezes blow
Above my native land!

Cupid Wants Spectacles

BY L. B.

ON a certain Sunday in July an unusual animation, not the result of the pastor's eloquence, seemed to pervade the congregation in the church of Sorby, a quiet little hamlet in the South of Ireland. A stranger was among them—and a strikingly beautiful one, thought some younger members of the flock.

Old Jimmy Wrag, the churchwarden, had shown the mysterious lady to a seat; and she had joined in the service unconscious of the tremor of excitement her presence caused.

"Can she possibly be Dorothea?" whispered Mrs. Stapleton to her maid Pilley.

"Not a bit of it, ma'am! She's a lodger at Pawson's—come last night; Robin told me her name, but I've forgotten it. She's nobody at all in particular, ma'am."

"Is she a widow or some kind of nun?" wondered Mrs. Clegg. "I never saw a bonnet and veil like those before. The bonnet is certainly very becoming; I wish I could get a good look at the front!"

Mrs. Clegg had lately lost her husband, and, being rather good-looking and not inconsolably bereaved, the subject of becoming habiliments of woe interested her deeply.

Mrs. Stapleton, the owner of a pretty placed called Trown Lodge and the queen of Sorby society, looked uneasily at her son, a tall fair young man a little over twenty-five, her only child, and the centre of all her hopes and ambitions.

Ever since Fred Stapleton's return from Eton he had been an object of adoration to all the young ladies within miles of Sorby; but Mrs. Stapleton had higher aspirations for her son, and Fred was unquestionably struck with the grace and beauty of the new-comer, for he held his hymn-book upside down and went astray in his responses.

Connected with the parish of Sorby was a large estate called Barnascone Priory—sadly neglected now, but nevertheless very beautiful and of great value when rightly managed. The sole heiress to this fine property was a descendant of Lord Berrisford, who had been born in Italy and brought up in that country and America. She had married a very rich American, who had died three months after his marriage, leaving her his entire fortune.

Now, at the age of twenty-two years, the beautiful Mrs. Hadfield was intending to visit for the first time in her life her Irish inheritance, Barnascone Priory, and to make acquaintance with the friends of her long-since deceased parents.

All these particulars Mrs. Stapleton learned from a friend, Lady Josephine Parr, who lived at Florence and was a confidant of Mrs. Hadfield's. Mrs. Stapleton's fancy had composed a charming idyl in which her son was master of Barnascone, with its beautiful mistress as his wife—the alien could not fail to lose her heart to Fred when she made the much-talked-of visit to Sorby, and Fred was luckily free of any other entanglement. Now her plans were menaced by a great danger in the person of the mysterious stranger who from the first seemed to fascinate Fred.

The next day Miss Pilley, Mrs. Stapleton's maid and confidant, sought her mistress presence with signs of high dudgeon on her florid face.

"What do you think, ma'am?" she said indignantly, "Mrs. Douglas, as she calls herself, is in the rose-garden at Barnascone, with one o' them best tea-roses in her button-hole; she is pryin' and pokin' about everywhere, lookin' in at the windows and askin' Patsy all sorts of impertinent questions. If she was mistress of every inch of the ground, she couldn't give herself more airs; her wiles and guiles and half-crowns where a shilling would be too much have made that fool Patsy and the rest of them ready to stand on their wooden heads for her!"

In Mrs. Stapleton's mental vision Barnascone Priory was so nearly in her son's possession that she allowed herself an occasional liberty within its sacred precincts, but for other trespassers she had little mercy.

"We must warn Nanny at the lodge against admitting suspicious-looking persons," she said, with considerable warmth.

"That woman isn't all that she ought to be, I'm quite sure!" continued Pilley, with a wise shake of the head. "Mrs. Pawson tells me she has taken a fancy to that low-lived disreputable Trixie Walsh, and lets her wait on her and follow her about like a dog. 'My beautiful Madonna!' Trixie calls her. Such vulgar absurd nonsense! I wish we were well rid of the whole underbred lot!"

Beatrice, or Trixie Walsh was a half-tamed gipsy of Italian blood who had been left a baby at the door of a farmhouse near Sorby. Charity and chance had brought her up to young womanhood guiltless of any special misdemeanor; but people looked at her askance and predicted a bad ending for her because she delighted in bright colors and was often found dancing to her shadow in the moonlight.

One day the pretty dark-robed stranger, Mrs. Stapleton's detestation, stood on the bank of a lake within the Barnascone domain, trying in vain to reach some water-lilies.

"Let me help you!" said a voice from the laurel walk; and Fred Stapleton hastened down to the water's edge.

"Oh, thank you; but I'm afraid you will wet your feet!"

"Terrible risk, is it not?" replied the young man, as up to his knickerbockered knees he plunged in boldly among the sedge and reeds. He returned with an armful of splendid lilies, which he laid reverently at the lady's feet.

Though he had seen her only a few times by chance and had never dared to speak to her until now, Mrs. Stapleton's son and heir was deeply in love with the fair stranger in widow's weeds. Life seemed but to have begun for him since she came, and would last just so long as the light of her presence shone upon dull Sorby.

"We are both trespassers in these grounds, I suppose?" the lady said, in the course of the chat into which they fell as easily as if their acquaintance had existed for years.

"That need not cause us uneasiness, as the owner is an incorrigible absentee."

"Do you know the owner Barnascone?"

"I have not that pleasure, and I find existence quite bearable without it."

"Is she pretty?"

"They say so. All women with her wealth are pretty and charming, you know. She has never been here, and I cannot vouch for her appearance or manner."

"Rich and beautiful—what an enviable condition for most women! How I wish such good fortune were mine!"

They said nothing which Pilley might not have heard and repeated, yet their looks and the tones in which their commonplaces were uttered portended danger.

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"Trixie has just been here, ma'am, in great grief because she has no mourning to wear at Mike Finnagan's funeral," said Eliza, Mrs. Douglass' attendant, when Mrs. Douglas returned from her stroll.

"Why didn't you give her something of mine?"

"There is the first every-day costume you bought; it has grown rather shabby for you."

"Yes, let Trixie have that—bonnet, veil, and all; a complete outfit for the funeral will go far to assuage any grief she may feel."

A day or two before Mike Finnagan was "waked" and buried, Trixie arrayed herself in Mrs. Douglas' garments, and by the aid of a mirror saw that the effect was good. She was of the same height as her benefactress and very similar in figure.

"I look like a lady," she muttered. "How I wish Larry could see me! I will go to Clover Bend and show myself to him."

Larry Whelan was a fine-looking young scapegrace employed about the grounds at Barnascone. He never seemed to fatigue himself with hard work, and he always managed to wear good clothes. "He and Trixie had a half-quarrelsome, half-jealous liking for each other, "a well-matched pair of ne'er-do-weels," the better portion of Sorby called them.

Arrayed in her sable robes, Trixie betook herself to Clover Bend, to the cabin of Granny M'Clory. This old crone, who turned many a penny at fortune-telling, was Larry's aunt and the source of most of his pocket money.

It happened that on the afternoon chosen by Trixie for masquerading in her mourning-clothes Mrs. Stapleton sent Pilley to Clover Bend with a bundle of flannels for a certain washerwoman's baby. As Pilley passed old Mother M'Clory's cabin, she could not resist the temptation to glance in at the open door. What she saw took away her breath.

"I was that struck of a heap, ma'am, that I almost dropped Molly's flannels in mud!" Pilley said to her mistress when she returned to Trown Lodge. "Looking in at that dirty dishonest old witch's door, who should I see 'ettin' at the table with Larry Whelan and Mother M'Clory, with a filthy pack of cards spread out on the table and a jug of porter for the three of them—who do you think sat there, ma'am, but the woman who gives herself such airs and calls herself Mrs. Douglas from Boston?"

"Impossible, Pilley; you must be mistaken!"

"Not a bit of it, ma'am! Is there another such papist looking black dress and veil in all Sorby? Wouldn't she be known for miles around by the little peaked bonnet? To be sure I didn't see her face; but the shape of her shoulders and back I know already too well from seeing them in church, which is no fit place for such as her!"

"Mother," said Fred, entering at the conclusion of one of Pilley's explosive sentences, "aren't you or some of the ladies of the parish going to call upon Mrs. Douglas and invite her to the lawn-party next week? It is a church affair, and her mourning-garb would not be out of place. It is very inhospitable not to include in your church festivities strangers who go to church."

"Indeed, Mr. Fred," exclaimed Pilley, "the likes o' her isn't wanted in the company your mother keeps! Listen till you hear what I saw to-day;" and the irate woman repeated the history of her visit to Clover Bend.

"What preposterous nonsense!" exclaimed young Stapleton angrily. "You women are disgustingly jealous of one another. If Mrs. Douglass were not the beautiful high-bred creature she is, there would not be a word uttered against her!"—and he left the room, too indignant to say more.

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Stapleton, "the boy is completely infatuated by that woman! The mistress of Barnascone may arrive at any time now; and Fred is quite capable of taking up the cudgels for this disreputable foreigner, and then alas for his chances with Dorothea!"

In the quiet grounds of Barascone Fred Stapleton sought balm for his injured feelings in the company of Mrs. Douglas, and the scene he had just passed through inclined him to a special tenderness of manner. Never before had she seemed so lovely and desirable or so gentle and confiding. She was sitting under a wide-spreading oak, making a cowslip ball. Fred, lying on the grass at her feet, watched her deft fingers and the changing expression of her lovely face, conscious that he could know no happier hour than the one that was passing.

A sudden breeze sprang up, and was the cause of a painful interruption to their tete-a-tete. A gardener had carelessly left hanging in the branches of the oak a sharp-toothed rake, which was blown down, and in its fall would have dealt Fred a serious blow had not his companion seen the danger in time to divert the course of the iron teeth. The handle of the rake struck Mrs. Douglass' plump white wrist, inflicting a bruise.

"You have hurt yourself, and for my unworthy sake!" the young man exclaimed, impulsively seizing the wounded wrist and kissing it tenderly. He then bound it up in his silk handkerchief and, full of solicitude, escorted the fair sufferer through the park, finally leaving her in the hands of her faithful attendant Eliza.

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Having once worn her pretty benefactress' clothes with fine effect, Trixie was emboldened to repeat the performance, particularly as the fascinating Larry commented warmly on her distinguished appearance.

Mrs. Douglas' bruised wrist kept her a prisoner in the house on the day after the mishap with the rake; and Trixie took advantage of this fact to don the black robes again. At nightfall she ventured forth on her second escapade, and betook herself to the Laurel Walk at Barnascone.

It was not until dusk that day that Fred Stapleton was at liberty to go to inquire as to the extent of Mrs. Douglas' injuries; then he plunged through a portion of the shrubbery at Barnascone as the shortest way to his destination. In the Laurel Walk he caught a glimpse of two slowly-retreating figures—those of a woman and a man. The appearance of the woman immediately arrested his attention and set his heart beating rapidly. Unseen, he drew a few yards nearer.

Were his eyes playing him a trick? No; he saw clearly and unmistakably the black draperies and nun-like bonnet of the lovely woman who filled all his thoughts. It was impossible to fail to recognise the costume of chaste elegance and the graceful slender figure. Her companion was none other than the village reprobate, Larry Whelan.

Why was she talking with such a fellow at nightfall in the retirement of Barnascone? Fred watched the pair narrowly, with jealous distrust rising in his heart. Pilley's story of the scene in Granny M'Clory's cabin assumed a hateful aspect. Gradually the man's arm stole round the black-robed waist, and then the widow's bonnet found a resting-place on her companion's shoulder.

Stapleton was fully satisfied; with an imprecation, he dashed back by the way he had come, uttering to himself—

"Arrant fool that I am! I may at least spare myself the trouble of making any kindly inquiries about her health; her presence here speaks for her recovery. If it had been any other man, I might have borne it; but Larry Whelan, that vulgar fellow given to glass jewelry—amazing!"

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Mrs. Douglas lay on her couch, with Eliza attending to her wounded wrist. The day had been long, and the fair sufferer was disappointed because no one had come to ask about her welfare.

"He might have shown a little compassion, when I was injured in shielding him," she said to herself, with quivering lips.

The elite of Sorby were on their way to and returning from a garden-party at Mrs. Clegg's, and Mrs. Pawson's lodger found a qualified pleasure in watching them until Fred Stapleton sauntered past with Miss Branson, when the pleasure gave place to something akin to pain.

Lucy Branson was a pretty girl, and, next to the stranger heiress of Barnascone, the best matrimonial catch in Sorby, judged from a pounds-shillings-and-pence point of view. Fred looked unusually handsome and seemed in the best of spirits. The pretty sufferer on the sofa turned away her face with a sigh.

"People are not very hospitable here, are they, Eliza?"

"Indeed and they're not, ma'am—a stuck-up, stiff, underbred lot! It's hot with rage I am, watchin' them dowdy women goin' to their tea-parties and tennis-playin's without havin' the decency to ask you, as if the worst o' the likes o' you wasn't better than the best o' them! Not one o' them even had the civility to call on you."

"Still, Eliza, we must remember that we have have not been quite straightforward with them. We are here under false colors, you know."

"They don't know that, ma'am; you have behaved yourself as a lady ought, and they should have treated you like one."

"We cannot do better than remain faithful to the villa at Fiesole for a while longer, and let Sorby take care of itself. To-morrow, if my wrist is well enough, we will go away."

As her handmaid withdrew to attend to the welcome work of packing, Mrs. Douglas fell into a reverie.

"They little suspect," she amused, "that the heiress of Barascone is among them incognita, reviewing her possessions, and trying to learn something of the characters of the people among whom it might be advisable to pass a great portion of her life. I wonder what they will say when they know the truth? I had a foolish dislike of being worshipped as the rich proprietress of the best estate in the county; I hoped I might be liked for myself alone—more than liked perhaps. I let him believe that I had very moderate means; he did not seem like the ordinary fortune-hunter. Ah me, I have been punished for my deception! I love him, and he has cast me aside like a torn glove. One parting shot they shall have—a womanish vengeance perhaps, but very sweet."

So, saying, Mrs. Douglas made a neat package of the handkerchief which had been bound round her wrist, and addressed it to "Frederick Stapleton, Esq., Trown Lodge." Accompanying the package was a brief note of thanks, to which she appended her full name, "Dorothea Douglas-Hadfield, nee Berrisford, of Barnascone."

On the following day the notice "Rooms to Let" again hung in Mrs. Pawson's window; her lodgers had gone she knew not whither.

That day the consternation of Mrs. Stapleton and Pilley knew no bounds. Fred had dropped Mrs. Douglas-Hadfield's note into his mother's lap, with some witheringly sarcastic remark about women's ability to judge each other. The maddening perplexities of the whole affair rendered him well-nigh beside himself. What could it all mean? The handwriting was that of a lady, the style faultless, and the paper bore the Barnascone crest.

In a fever of doubt and perplexity he ordered his horse and gave it free rein. It took him across country to Bassett. Passing the Fannagans' humble dwelling, Fred was electrified by a tableau that met his gaze. Mike's mourning relatives and friends were disporting themselves on the grass. One of them, who wore black garments the cut of which was painfully familiar to him, was at that moment, amid shouts of merriment, taking a whiff at a short black pipe, the smoke from which partially veiled the white crape cap inside the girl's bonnet.

"What infernal jugglery is this?" muttered the amazed Fred to himself, as he suddenly pulled up his horse.

"How came you by those clothes, Trixie?" he asked of the rose-faced lassie with the cutty pipe in her brown fingers.

Young Mr. Fred was a favorite with the gipsy maiden, and she was always ready for a chat with him.

"Mrs. Douglas gave them to me—the saints bless her soul!"

"Where has she gone? Do you know?"

"To a place where there ain't no streets, nor horses, nor nothing—where they goes about in long black boats, and dances in the moonlight all night. My eyes, but I wish she had taken me too!"

"Venice!" Fred exclaimed half audibly, with a deep sigh of relief.

Not until months later did Trixie understand what she had done to earn the bright gold sovereign which Mr. Fred dropped into her brown palm.

* * * * * *

A week later, as Mrs. Douglas-Hadfield sat in the Piazza San Marco listening to the music, a gentleman approached and begged the favor of a few moments' conversation. The gentleman was Fred Stapleton, and his request was icily granted.

Gradually the ice melted however, and a smile of amusement illuminated Dorothea's beautiful face.

"Dine with me this evening, Mr. Stapleton, and then you can give me every particular of your most entertaining story," she said at the close of their first interview on Italian soil.

* * * * * *

A few months later Sorby was wildly excited over the preparations for fitly welcoming home Mr. Fred Stapleton and his lovely bride Dorothea, mistress of Barnascone.

FAMOUS JEWELS.

THOUGH the Phœnicians from their early commerce with India must have been well acquainted with the diamond, they probably found no market for it in Europe, nor is it classed with the rich equipments of the period. Yet the Jews must have been acquainted with the diamond, for it appears in the breastplate of judgment in Exodus as one of the twelve jewels of mystic significance, that is if the Hebrew word be rightly translated. But it is also significant that it does not appear among the twelve precious stones that form the foundations of the New Jerusalem in Revelations.

The first diamond necklace that appears in history is one given by Charles the Eighth of France to Agnes Sorel; who it is said bitterly complained of the weight and sharpness of the ornament, rather an instrument of torture than a jewel. Charles replied by a phrase which if not then proverbial has become so since: "Il faut souffrir pour etre belle."

With the opening of the route to India by the Cape, diamonds came into fashion. There was no thought then that an inexhaustible supply would be found at the half-way house.

The Tudors loved diamonds as well as jewels of all kinds: and Henry the Eighth, as he vied with the splendor of Francis, the French King, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, wore a pour-point covered with diamonds and rubies, a collar of fourteen rubies, the least as big as an egg, and a carbuncle the size of a goose's egg. Ann Boleyn was there and danced one night, masked, with King Francis, also masked. The gallant King next morning sent his fair partner a beautiful diamond in the shape of a tear, and worth fifteen thousand crowns. Henry looted that, no doubt, when he cut off poor Ann's head.

Francis behaved more shabbily to his future daughter-in-law, Catherine de' Medici, for the diamond he sent her soon after was only worth some five hundred crowns. But Catherine was ill-favored, and she was only a merchant's daughter after all—as her daughter-in-law, the beautiful Mary Stuart, did not fail to remind her. However, the other "merchant's daughter," Elizabeth, disposed of poor Mary Stuart, and Catherine watched the tragedy from afar, grimly and without sympathy for its victim.

An episode in this tragedy is of some interest from the jeweler's point of view. Mary Stuart's pearls, captured by the Earl of Morton in 1567, were secretly brought to London and offered for a price to Queen Elizabeth. These pearls had formed part of Catherine's bridal parure. She had given them to her son Francis, and he to his young and beautiful bride.

Catherine was anxious to regain her pearls, and the French Ambassador in London moved in the matter, but Elizabeth, who, like her father, was greedy of jewels, bought them for twelve thousand crowns, and we may be sure she kept them. Yet although the virgin Queen loved jewels, she sometimes gave them away to her favorites.

The famous ring which she gave to Essex, and which was shown at the Tudor Exhibition a few years ago, was indeed more remarkable for beauty of workmanship than intrinsic value. But she dismissed her princely suitors with rich gifts of jewels, and she sent a valuable emerald to Henry the Fourth of France, with the reminder that "it breaks not till faith is broken."

This legendary property of the emerald, which should render it in demand for engagement rings, for which it is in many other ways appropriate, has its counterpart in many other precious stones. The opal is said to show, in its diminished lustre and fire, the approaching illness or death of its wearer. And this imaginary property has had the effect of causing this beautiful gem to be unduly neglected, especially since Sir Walter Scott diffused the notion in his novel, "Anne of Geierstein."

The most splendid opal ever known in the world of jewels was formerly in the possession of the Empress Josephine. It was called the "Burning of Troy," from the wonderful play and brilliance of its fiery lustre. That might be held to justify the current superstition as to opals, as Josephine's divorce speedily followed its acquisition. But that was not the worst misfortune that might have happened to her, and her lot was happiness indeed compared with that of the poor Queen whose diamond pendant Josephine used sometimes to wear. And Marie Antoinette's passion, as everybody knows who has read the story of the Necklace, was for diamonds.

The story of the Diamond Necklace has been too often told to bear repetition. But the history of the other beautiful diamonds of the Crown, with which the unhappy Queen in the days of her greatness shone radiant on occasions of state, is not without interest.

Chief of those was the Sancy diamond, an historic gem to which all kinds of legends were attached. It was the identical stone, said some, that was lost by Charles the Bold at Granson or Morat. A soldier had picked it up and sold it for a few groschen to a priest, who, guessing its value, disposed of it to the Fuggers of Amsterdam, who had in turn sold it to Henry the Eighth of England. Henry's daughter Mary gave it as a love-gift to Philip of Spain, and thence it had come round in some unexplained way to Monsieur de Sancy, the friend and financial agent of Henry the Fourth of France.

It had often been pledged to help Henry in his struggle for the crown, and once had been nearly lost, a faithful servant to whom it was confided having been attacked and killed by robbers. But he had contrived to swallow the stone in his last moments, and De Sancy, sure of his man, found the jewel by cutting open the corpse. All this is more or less legendary, and the authentic history of the Sancy diamond begins with its purchase by James the First, and its subsequent fate illustrates an interesting period in its annals.

The splendid collection of Royal jewels inherited by Charles were dispersed in the Civil Wars. Some fell into the hands of the Parliament and were sold, but the bulk of the most valuable were carried abroad by the Queen, and sold or pawned by her, to supply arms and ammunition for the Royal troops.

Among other jewels, the Sancy diamond, and another called "The Mirror of Portugal," had been pledged by Henrietta with the Duc d'Epernon to secure a large sum advanced. As the fortunes of the Royal cause in England declined, the Duc became uneasy about his money, and one day the poor Queen found a "sergent a verge," or what we should call a sheriff's officer, in possession of her apartments at the Palais Royal, with a demand for money owing, and orders to wait till it was paid. The unlucky Queen, who had come to be often in want of a dinner, and who had sometimes to stay in bed to save firing, could only weep and protest her inability to pay.

The matter was arranged by Cardinal Mazarin, who was at the bottom of the affair, and who took the diamonds and paid off D'Epernon. The Cardinal bequeathed the jewels with others to Louis the Fourteenth, and with the Crown jewels of France the "Sancy" remained till the Revolution.

The subsequent fate of the Sancy was connected with that of the famous blue diamond, perhaps the rarest and most beautiful jewel in the world. It was brought from India by Tavernier, with other splendid stones, and he sold it to the Roi Soleil, who was the only monarch rich enough to purchase such a gem.

At the Revolution, and after the sack of the Tuileries, the Crown jewels were removed to the Garde Meuble, and thence they were stolen, in what is generally recognized as a "put up job," the authors of which were probably well known at the Jacobins Club. The best part of the jewels were immediately restored, but the blue diamond and the "Sancy" were missing, and were never recovered.

Either of them was worth a King's ransom, but in this case it seems probable that they formed the ransom of a nation, and accomplished the destruction of a King.

There is little doubt that the real instigator of the robbery was Danton, then the master spirit of the Revolution. The moment was one of supreme peril for France and her defenders. The army of the confederate monarchs who had undertaken to crush the Revolution and reinstate the monarchy was already quartered in a French province.

The Duke of Brunswick, trained in the school of the great Frederick, was in command; his troops were the finest in the world, and with them served nearly all the best officers of the old Royal Army of France. To oppose them, there were only disorganized regiments and tumultuous levies, more formidable to their chiefs than to the enemy, and ready to cry "Treason!" and disband at the first cannon shot. As far as the military situation was concerned, the campaign was lost to the French, and Brunswick might have marched on and laid Paris in ruins, if he would.

But the Duke, it was well known, was averse to the part that had been assigned him: that of desolating and destroying unhappy France in the interests of a dynasty. The King of Prussia, too, who was with the army, recoiled from the horrors of the impending struggle, with no glory to be won and no profit for the Prussian monarchy.

Danton, the tribune, and Dumouriez, the general-in-chief, who had no illusions as to the position, were anxious rather to negotiate than fight. The chief point insisted on by King and Duke was the safety of the Royal Family. Danton and Dumouriez, who seemed to hold France in their hands, gave the most solemn pledges in that behalf. And as a pledge, rather than a bribe, there was the famous blue diamond.

The Duke retreated. France was saved. She only wanted time to organize her resistance, and it was gained by the blue diamond. But the Royal house was doomed to destruction. Ah! they are treacherous things, these diamonds.

From that moment the fate of the jewel remains obscure. If the Duke of Brunswick had it we may conjecture that he gave it to his daughter, the unlucky Caroline, the disowned consort of George the Fourth. And if so, she probably sold it in the course of her struggles for vindication. Anyhow, connoisseurs are generally agreed that the blue diamond in the Hope collection of jewels is the same gem recut, and it also probable that the "blue drop," which the late Duke of Brunswick possessed, was a chip broken off in the cutting.

Get Rid of Your Cold before you contract another on top of it, or you may securely establish the seeds of a serious Lung Complaint before you are conscious of danger. Better prudently resort to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, an effective cure for Coughs and Colds, and helpful also for its healing influence on the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

Scientific and Useful.

IRON ON STREETS.—Cast-iron blocks are being tried in some of the most frequented streets of Paris, instead of the granite blocks usually placed alongside tramway rails.

SEARCH LIGHTS.—Search lights are such good targets for the enemy's guns that the Germans are arranging to throw the light first on a mirror and thence on the enemy, thereby concealing its real source.

POOL.—R. W. Wyett, an Australian, has invented an attachment for a pool table consisting of inclined roads or tracks running beneath each pocket to the "spot" end of the table, in which roll the balls that fall into the pockets.

WHALEBONE.—Artificial whalebone is now being made from leather, which is soaked for two or three days in sulphate of potassium, then stretched, slowly dried, subjected to a high temperature and then to a heavy pressure, which makes it hard and elastic.

MUSHROOM POISONING.—Dr. T. Taylor, Chief of the Division of Microscopy of the Department of Agriculture, says that there is but one antidote known for mushroom poisoning, and that is sulphate of atropin. The dose may be administrated either by means of hypodermic injection or by the mouth, in the usual way.

PETROLEUM FUEL.—It has been decided to use petroleum as locomotive fuel on the Baltic Railroad, which is significant, because this line is almost the most distant of any in Russia from the oil wells. Great reservoirs are to be built in St. Petersburg and Reval and three other stations, which will hold in the aggregate about 5,000,000 gallons.

TESTING A HORSE FOR LAMENESS.—When examining a horse with a view to purchasing, says a contemporary, always have him led down a steep or stony descent at the end of a halter, and with no whip near him. Many horses, when brought out of the stable, are excited by the presence of strangers, and become still more so at the sight of a whip. A slight lameness may therefore be momentarily overlooked by the horse himself, just as a man, under strong excitement, will sometimes forget a sore foot. Leading the horse down a slope will show any defect in his fore-quarters, and running him back will develop any weakness that may exist in his hind-legs.

Farm and Garden.

COWS.—One good cow will serve the purpose of two inferior ones, and where space is limited every additional quart of milk or pound of butter is quite an item with the keeping of a single animal.

FEEDING.—An experienced feeder claims that ground grain is the cheapest form in which nutriment can be given to the working teams; but to secure the best results it should be mixed with cut hay, in order to make it more porous in the stomach, and in this way more easily digested.

SHEEP.—In breeding to improve sheep, two items must be kept in view; one is the carcass or form, and the other is the fleece or wool; and neither should be improved without carefully considering the other. Neither can receive too much attention, if in caring for it the other is not neglected.

FODDER.—Corn fodder may not be equal to good hay, but corn fodder, cut into short lengths and improved by the addition of ground grain, will be relished by all classes of stock. In winter it may be steamed or scalded, so as to be fed warm, and will prove valuable in enabling the hay to go further.

SEED.—About five pecks of seed wheat per acre is the amount usually seeded, and the average field per acre is a fraction over 14 bushels. This average is too low and should be increased. In Europe a farm that produced so little wheat would be abandoned, as such a small yield would not even pay for the rent of the land.

SUCCULENT FOODS.—So far as is possible, succulent foods should always be provided in winter as in summer as this kind of food is productive of the largest quantity of fat in the milk and also has the effect of causing the cream to separate more readily from the milk and the butter globules from the cream and leaving less fat in the buttermilk; to a more or less extent it also increases the flow of milk.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. Its acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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THE POST'S NEW FORM.

We are pleased to inform our readers that THE POST will shortly appear in a more compact, convenient and improved form, giving more reading matter and many up-to-date improvements. It is the intention to make the number of pages twenty-four instead of sixteen, as at present. In the general character of the literary matter there will be no change, but in its arrangement it will be much easier in the reading, besides having the additional advantage of being more neatly presented. THE POST in its new form will be stitched at the back and cut and trimmed at the edges, thus doing away with the need of turning the paper inside out to get at the continuation of the stories. We ask our readers that they give the new POST a critical examination, and having done so may feel more than ever justified in recommending it to their friends, as we promise to render it worthy every way of their highest praises.

Charity and Home.

The plain statement which forms the title of this essay is one that has been, for the last two hundred years at least, often in the mouths of most men. It is an uncommonly good saying, that is, a truth beyond the common run of truths; but it has been sadly perverted. It means really no more than it says, that the common affection in which it is required, not only that a religious, but that a wise, man should hold all his brethren, takes root, and begins at home, in his own home.

It is tantamount to saying that a man who is not good at home is seldom good elsewhere. Few will doubt it, when expressed in this way; but, after all the truth and goodness of the saying, the devil, who, as Rowland Hill said, managed to take "all the best tunes," certainly has taken the best of sayings, and surely this one, for almost all men pervert it, and apply it selfishly.

But this one thing is certain, that if Charity is only confined to home, it is a good thing spoiled. If it once begins in any man's bosom, it does not long stay there; for we may as well try to confine the lightning, or any volatile gas, or a perfume, which, being liberated, will give a pleasant odor to the whole house, as to confine Charity. Once let it begin, and it will increase. But the meaning of most of those stingy fellows who quote the proverb is, that they would save the lightning, and cut it up into rushlights; that they would tie down and confine the gas, and put the tightest of corks into the bottle of sweet scent. That is not our reading, although we want to treat of Charity as beginning at home, and to insist upon more affection, more courtesy, more politeness, and more attention to the feelings of others, being paid in a man's own house and his castle. It is a very narrow house, and a very small castle, if it has not Charity in it. But with it, home is indeed home, a cottage is better than a palace. Without it, again, how many a splendid house is but a miserable brawling place; how many a beautiful form assumes a mean bearing; how many a noble brow is furrowed with angry lines, and instead of growing like to an angel, grows much more like a devil!

And what is Charity? There are so many definitions given of this word, so many and so beautiful, that we could fill this paper with them easily, and perhaps wisely. Charity is simply love, Christian love. Here we have the virtue exalted into a divinity, or proof of divinity, since true Charity of the most exalted kind makes beautiful with divine and everlasting love the face of the Saviour. It is well, then, that it should begin at home.

But, does it always do so? Is it not too often absent entirely from our homes? Do we not try to worry each other, to be pleasant only in company? Do we always forbear and speak kindly? Are not we men often "blown" at home with the ireful pride of mastery? Are not women full of a railing spirit, of a stupid obstructiveness, of a method of harrowing their husbands and their servants? Do we all live together in peace?

Beautiful, indeed, is the sight of a united and happy family; delightful is it to see brethren living together in unity! Wonderful is the strength of that home-love, and, alas! wonderfully rarely is it to be met with.

Most homes have a Blue chamber; and, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, if this chamber were opened, the skeletons in it would be merely the dried mummies of angry tongues, the ghosts of hot, foolish contentions, the remains of "last" words in disputes of no moment, and the terribly decayed body of a contentious disposition, which, being determined not to rest itself, would let no one else rest. Sad folly! Great want of ordinary common sense and patient wisdom; and the result, alas, how terrible!

And one thing is certain, that Charity must be introduced into the family, or that family will be split up into the most miserable of domestic shams, polite when strangers are present, and wrangling and contentious when by themselves. How these contentions "loosen the very foundations of love, and about what miserable, worthless things do they not commonly begin! A smoked cup of tea, a shirt button, a waste of coal or soap, a dirty or a frayed collar." Oh, what little people we are! How few of us try to govern our tempers, and to live, not like the saints, sanctified or holy ones, but as good heathen people. And for such—for "this miserable sort of trash, very good, very generous, and very religious people will sometimes waste and throw away by double handfuls the very thing for which houses are built, and coal burned, and all the paraphernalia of a home established—their happiness."

Of this miserable, contentious state of things—this dirty, foggy, drizzle of foolish words—Charity is the real cure. It is the best and the only one. The wife should have charity with the husband's irritability, and he, in his turn, with her want of special training.

Both should sit down after being married, having first prayed heartily to God while they were being married, to aid them and put into their hearts good desires, and into their heads capacity to carry those desires out—both should sit down and say, "Now I determine to do my duty; I am resolved to be brave, patient, watchful, and cheerful; not to go out to meet ill-luck, but not to be afraid when it does come; to be happy, for God made us to be so, and he delights both in the temporal and eternal happiness of all; to base that happiness only on goodness; to subdue self; therefore the life-companion He has given me shall be first in all proper times and seasons, and I will devote myself to that companion's happiness."

That would be a charitable resolve; we sometimes find it carried out; and where it is so found, what a pleasant home is that. One such home we knew, with many a comical result. Wife and husband, both educated gentlefolk of good taste, often surprised themselves with services, wall-papers, and carpets not quite "the thing," to use a significant vulgarism. But it turned out so far from being contentious, the husband secretly chose the paper because he thought his wife liked it; and she accepted it because she thought, and with wonder, that he saw something beautiful in it; and thus an ugly paper, or an ungainly chair in the drawing-room, became beautiful, because a standing monument of love.

When charity has once begun at home, let us extend it to all in the home. The servants especially want it; how should we like our own little girls scolded for every fault, and, brought from a lower to a higher sphere amidst things of which they know nothing, troubled and worried for their stupidity. Mr. Ruskin treats his servants especially with a ceremonious cordiality, and every gentleman will thank the servant who opens the door to or performs any office for him.

Brothers and sisters, particularly when they are big boys and girls, need a great deal of this character. Petted so long as they are young and pretty; often beaten, abused and neglected when they grow out of the magic circle of their childhood, early youth is to them a season of misery and trial, and often sours the very wine of life, and turns a sweet mind into a bitter, brooding one. Firmness, principle, determination, and a mind to perceive, and a will to govern, will co-exist with the sweetest charity. Youth is proverbially awkward; the very voice of a boy and the figure and complexion of a girl are changeable and unmanageable. The young trees want training; the vigorous shoots something to cling to and to be bound by; but, most of all, they require love and gentleness in the operation; gentleness which will prevent the tender buds from being broken off, and love which shall train them sweetly and guide them in the true way. All this father and mother can and will furnish, if they once determine on the true meaning of "charity" and "home."

LORD COKE wrote the following, which he religiously observed: "Six hours to sleep, to law's great study six, four spend in prayer, the rest to nature fix." But William Jones, a wiser economist of the fleeting hours of life, amended the sentiment thus: "Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven, ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven."

LET your charity begin at home, but do not let it stop there. Do good to your family and connections, and if you please, to your party; but after this look abroad. Look at the universal Church, and, forgetting its divisions, be a Christian. Look at your country, and be a patriot; look at the nations of the earth, and be a philanthropist.

DIFFICULTY is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too.

THE flattery of friends and enemies would do us very little harm, if we didn't unfortunately flatter ourselves.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

BOUNCING B.—The piano may be learned to a certain extent without a teacher, but you will find instruction necessary as you go on, unless you have a thorough knowledge of music in theory.

J. A. L.—Certainly there was a "Siege of Vienna," it was besieged by the Turks in the year 1683. John Sobieski, then King of Poland, did the Austrians good service in repelling the enemy.

M. D. I.—To bleach sponge, soak it in diluted muriatic acid ten or twelve hours; then wash it with water and immerse it in a solution of hyposulphate of soda to which a small quantity of diluted muriatic acid has been added. Wash and dry it.

P. L. S.—Engagement rings are very much a matter of taste. The fashion of having what Shakespeare calls a "posy" on them has rather revived of late. Rings are to be bought with mottoes on them, but a "Mizpah" ring answers every purpose, and the inscription is telling, with the merit of being only one word.

W. I. T. D.—Nothing can be done except by patience and perseverance; the open air is the best place for practicing deliberate speaking. Do not give in because the cure seems slow in beginning; it may take you months to master the very commencement of it, but if there is no imperfection in the muscles of your mouth and throat it will come in time.

KATHLEEN M.—"Rhabdomancy" is a divination by rods, which were held downwards, and twisted and twirled, if water or gold was sought in the earth; the magicians who opposed Moses practiced this witchery. "Belomancy," divination by arrows, was followed by the Scythians; the arrows were marked, put into a bag, and drawn out haphazard.

N. O. D.—We should be very happy to give you any advice in our power, but it is difficult to counsel a young lady who announces herself in love with two gentlemen at the same time. Make up your mind which of the two you mean to encourage, and have nothing to do with the other one afterwards; you are not acting honestly by either of them at present.

G. F. R.—It is said that a piece of lemon bound upon a corn will relieve it in a day or so. It should be renewed night and morning. The free use of lemon juice and sugar will always relieve a cough. A lemon eaten before breakfast, every day, for a week or two, will entirely prevent that feeling of lassitude peculiar to the approach of spring. These valuable properties of the lemon should be better known.

DORA S.—Lichens have no roots, but live on air, and fasten themselves to almost everything where dryness and moisture can be found. They are found all over the world; on the rocks of newly-formed islands, in the ocean, and on the summits of the highest mountains. They are sometimes called rock moss and tree moss; but they are not mosses, which have separate stems and leaves. Lichens grow where nothing else can grow.

C. H.—We can only help you to the titles of three of Richard Lovelace's poems—"Orpheus to the Beasts," "To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars," in which the much quoted lines occur—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more."

and "To Althea, from Prison," in which are the well-known lines—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

Perhaps the lines may help you in your search for the book. We have heard of the poem you mention, but have no idea where it is to be found.

HESS.—If you, yourself, were instrumental in breaking off the engagement, you have no right to feel annoyed now at the young man consoling himself with the society of another girl. It merely goes to prove that he was not altogether heart-broken at your desertion, and finds no difficulty in transferring his affections. You can do nothing that we can see, but leave the young people alone. You probably had good reason for ending your connections with the gentleman, but having done so, you must abide by the consequences. It would hardly be dignified to interfere with him now. If you feel that you cannot live near him and watch his paying attentions to this other young lady, we should advise you to remove to some little distance, where you will not be continually annoyed by the sight of them together.

WOODCOTE.—"A square mile" and "a mile square" is the same quantity expressed in two different ways; it means simply the area or surface of a square, whose four sides are each one mile in length; or more exactly, it is the area inclosed by four straight lines, each one mile in length, the extremities mutually joined at right angles. The expression "a square mile" is no doubt the correct one; the other expression, "a mile square," is never used by scientific men. Amongst mechanics "an inch square" is a common expression, and means the same as "a square inch;" and it is probable that this has given rise to the expression "a mile square." There is also in solid geometry a solid called "a cubic mile," which means a cube or solid six-faced figure, each face of which being a square mile in surface. This might as reasonably be called "a mile cube," which would sound very offensive to the ear, and convey no meaning.

THROUGH THE DOOR.

Lo! The garnered corn is lying
In rich, golden glooms;
In the churchyards all the sighing
Is above the tombs,
And the leaves but wait the blowing
Of the spring's sweet breath;
Man goes forth to meet his springtime,
Through the door of Death!

My body ages, form and hue;
But when the spring winds blow,
My spirit stirs and buds anew,
Younger than long ago.
Lord, make me more thy child, and more,
Till Time its own end bring;
And out of every winter sore,
I pass into thy spring!

Of the Vane.

BY H. M. E.

FROM out the pine-clad hills which guard the entrances to the Schwarzwald there issue several rivulets, that in their downward course presently run together and form the swift-flowing River Dreisam. This river pours its waters into a valley which throughout is composed of a series of pictures abounding in romantic beauty and grandeur.

Near the entrance to the valley lies the Pearl of Breisgau, with its glorious spire standing out against the sky like a pinnacle of delicate lace-work; and then a little further on, just where the valley begins to close in, you come to a little village nestling among the sweet-scented pine-woods.

A lovely spot, this little village, peaceful and quiet; hardly a sound to be heard at any time, save in the far distance where a water-mill hums and whirls with a delightfully dreamy sound, or when there comes the lowing of cattle from some neighboring farmstead.

But one day all this was changed, and the usually peaceful little village was thrown into a perfect frenzy of excitement; nearly all the inhabitants had collected together in the market-place; some were standing in little groups talking in subdued voices; women ran hither and thither wringing their hands in despair, while others, almost shouting in their excitement, argued and gesticulated with their neighbors.

"Ei!" exclaimed one old woman to another, "this is a bad affair. And," lowering her voice, "no doubt a wrong has been done, and he did it to avoid suspicion."

"Yes, I'm sure you're right," replied the other. "It's shocking, and methinks this is a judgment sent down from above." And on this point most of the villagers seemed to agree.

To give some explanation to all this it will be necessary to go back several weeks, to the day when Max Schmidt and his great friend Otto were working together in one of the picturesque saw-mills on the banks of the Dreisam.

Max was a well-built stolid German, clumsy, and stupid enough to drive one almost to distraction, yet withal one of the kindest-hearted souls that ever trod the fatherland. Now Otto his fellow-worker, though of the same build as Max, was in all others respects entirely different; for he was a handsome young fellow, bright and active and a favorite in the village; he generally wore a broad-brimmed hat topped with a hawk's feather and placed jauntily on the back of his head.

Poor Max was not liked among the villagers, for he had the unhappy knack of blundering over everything he undertook. Whenever he tried to do a good action it was sure to be misinterpreted. For instance: One day he found a little dog harnessed to a cart four times as large as itself; so out of kindness of heart, and without thinking of the consequences that such an act involved, Max at once stooped down, unfastened the harness and set the little animal at liberty, and the dog to testify its gratitude, insisted on following Max; with the result that a report ran through the village that he had tried to steal the dog, and the voice of popular indignation rose loud against him. Poor Max tried in his dull way to explain matters, but all in vain: the villagers said there could be only one reason for loosing the dog: but here Otto came to the rescue, and in the face of the ridicule of the whole village took Max's part.

As it has been said before, Max and Otto were firm friends. It seemed curious that a friendship should have sprung up between two men of such opposite dispositions, but it happened in this wise: Otto was fond of praise; he loved to hear his friends say, "Bravo, Otto," and nothing rejoiced his heart more than to play bowls in the biergarten, and he the centre of an admiring crowd; for there he would stand with his hat well on the back of his head, thereby showing a mass of dark curls in front; one of his dapper little feet placed firmly in front of him and his body thrown back; then the bowl shot out from his hand, hit the goal fairly in the centre, and he was proclaimed winner amid the plaudits of his friends. "Ay, that was a good throw," said Otto, looking proudly round and carefully brushing off a speck of dust from his coat.

And so it was from no feeling of affection, but to gain the praise of the villagers that Otto first resolved to befriend the unfortunate Max; for he said to himself: "The people will say, 'How good of Otto to look after that fellow Max.'" But to his great surprise as this went on, he became quite fond of his so-called friend, and gradually began to understand his quiet retiring nature, and his warm-heartedness, and to see in him far more than he had suspected. And Max in his turn was full of gratitude to Otto, and looked up to him as his protector.

So when Otto's father left him the little saw-mill he made Max his assistant, and these two friends worked together.

As weeks went on a change came over Max, he became brighter, and for him quite talkative, and several times astonished Otto by whistling lively little tunes, a thing he had never been heard to do before.

"Why, Max, what make you so gay?" asked Otto.

"Such fine weather makes me feel happy," said Max in his slow way.

But Otto was puzzled; he couldn't quite see how the weather could make such a marked difference in his friend; so with a shrug of his big shoulders he gave up guessing, and consoled himself with the thought that the reflection of his own genial disposition must have worked this change; and after a game of bowls at his favorite biergarten, he took the earliest opportunity of telling his friends of the good he had done Max.

"Yes," said a man standing near to Otto, "Max ought to be mighty thankful to you, Otto; yet I wouldn't mind betting this tankard of lager that he's not a bit grateful for your trouble."

"Don't say that," replied Otto loftily; "you mustn't say anything against my friend Max, for he's a good fellow, though a bit stupid at times."

But Otto little guessed the real cause of Max's happiness; it was the very last thing he would have thought of. Max loved Marie who lived not far from the village; pretty Marie with her blue eyes, and the two bewitching little plaits that hung down her back, and Max was for once in his life lucky, for his love was returned. Unlike most of the other villagers, Marie saw that Max, in spite of his awkward ways and his blunderings, was as kind-hearted and true as ever a man could be. And this was the secret of the change in Max.

So the following Sunday Max, all of a flutter and arrayed in his best, started out to ask Marie to be his wife. On his way to the little cottage he passed a spot where the lilies of the valley grew wild.

"I'll gather a bunch for Marie," he said to himself. "I know she is fond of them." So he picked a few; and was so busily occupied in making them into a bunch that he never heard footsteps approaching until they were quite close upon him.

It was Otto. He looked first at Max, and then at the flowers.

"Hello, Max!" he said, "where are you going? why, you're quite smart to-day, and I do believe you're making yourself a button-hole; you are nearly as tidy as myself, and that's saying a good deal. But where are you off to, lad?"

Max hesitated, and then said: "To that cottage yonder, to see Marie; these flowers are for her; and"—another hesitation—"I—I am going to ask her to be my wife."

If someone had told Otto he was ignorant of the game of bowls, or that there had been a flood and washed away his saw-mill, he could hardly have been more astonished. He positively gasped with surprise. Why, here, Max, whom he was patronising, whom he had taken under his wing, had fallen in love with the very girl he had himself set his affections upon! Then slowly he took off his hat, which was as usual placed on the back of his head—because he was well aware how it suited him at that position; he turned it round in his hands meditatively, all the while staring at Max; he seemed at a loss to know what to say, and there was an ugly scowl on his face. Poor Max little guessed what a storm was brewing. Then an idea came into Otto's head; he tried to shake it off, but it was the only way out of the difficulty; he could not let Max stand in his way. So he brushed back his curls, and putting on his hat with an air of determination, he said:

"Max, you're a greater idiot than I ever took you for! what made you imagine that Marie cared for you? Why, she likes you about as much as—this stone"—and he kicked the stone viciously; "so it's no use asking her to be your wife. Besides," he added, and this time speaking the truth, "perhaps I am going to ask Marie the same question myself in a day or two; so now you can just go back the way you came. Can't you hear, lad? don't stand staring at me like a moonstruck owl!"

Yes, poor Max had heard all, and he turned home a sad and dejected being; the one bright period of his life was now a thing of the past, and it was his friend Otto who had taken this happiness away from him.

It never occurred to him to stand up for his own rights, and he was too simple-minded to believe for one moment that Otto was fooling him; so he trudged sadly back to the village.

"I felt sure Marie cared a little for me," he said to himself; "but Otto says no; and perhaps it's natural that she should like Otto better, he is so handsome and clever. So good-bye to you, Marie," and as he threw away the bunch of flowers he had just gathered, the trees and the fields around him seemed suddenly to become quite blurred and misty.

* * * * * *

Whiz, swish; swish, whiz; was the sound that came from the saw-mill, and then a gentle swish, swish, as the saw caught the wood sending out showers of pine-scented dust. Max was hard at work. He was just pushing a fresh log towards the saw when Otto came striding in. He was in the very worst of tempers, and barely nodded a response to Max's greeting. The fact was that his pride had received a severe shock at the discovery that Max was preferred to him, for Marie had shown pretty clearly that she was not pleased to see Otto, so he knew that it was Max whom she had expected to see; he was furious at the discovery and no longer felt that same affection he had always had for Max. He looked round for something to find fault with, "Himmel, Max!" he exclaimed, "look at this plank; it's cut crooked!" and seizing a stick he hit Max sharply across the shoulders. Max sprang up to his full height, and flushing crimson, looked for one moment as though he were going to return the blow with good interest. Otto shrank back; he was not prepared for this; but Max turned away and continued his work without a word.

And so the friendship of these two men came to an abrupt end; and Marie was the unconscious cause of it.

Max went on mechanically with his work, Otto silently continued his; and the wheels whirled on.

At last the days' work was over, and the two men parted without a word.

Max walked slowly home. There was no one to console him there, for his father was old and deaf and generally had a grievance; so he sat by the fire and pondered and brooded in silence over his misfortunes.

All this time Otto was disporting himself in far more genial society, for he was at the biergarten revelling in a game of bowls.

"Well," asked someone, "how is your friend Max?"

"Oh," laughed Otto, "I am going to treat him differently in future, for he gets stupider every day; and now that he imagines himself in love there's no knowing what to do with him."

At this the men laughed hugely; the idea of Max being in love tickled their fancy immensely.

"And what is this treatment to be, friend Otto?"

"Severity, my friend, severity; but now for one more turn at the bowls, and then I must be off."

* * * * * *

Otto was one of those people who have the utmost confidence in their own powers, and he fully expected that when Marie found Max never came to see her he would have no difficulty in persuading her to be his wife.

So the next day, full of his own conceit and pride, Otto asked Marie the old question; but she tossed her pretty head, and gave him a most emphatic "no." No eloquence on his part could move her, and he was obliged to go away and content himself with feeling very wroth with Max.

When he arrived at the mill he found that Max had not come, which made him still angrier; and in the meantime he began to set everything in motion; the wheels were soon flying round, and the logs placed against the saws were rapidly cut up into little white planks, smelling sweet and fresh.

Presently there was a step at the door; it was not Max, but one of the stonemasons, a friend of Otto's.

"Hello, Otto!" he said; "have you heard the news?"

"No, I've not."

"Well, the Burgomaster has sent word to say that one of us is to climb up the minister spire yonder to see if the new weather-cock is quite safe, and to clean it at the same time. The only way is outside the spire, and it's nasty climb; however, it has got to be done; one of us must go; so we are to draw lots for it now."

A few minutes later Otto and six other men with beating hearts and anxious faces were standing round a table in the biergarten; they all tried to look unconcerned, but inwardly one and all fervently hoped that he would not draw the unlucky number, for there was naturally a certain amount of danger in making such an ascent.

"Now, are you ready?" said the chief mason. "The one who draws the piece of paper with the points of the compass written on it climbs the spire to-morrow; you draw first."

A good-natured looking yokel stepped solemnly up to the table, and dipping a very fat finger and thumb into the hat drew out a folded piece of paper; he opened it, and the grin on his face proclaimed that the paper was a blank.

Then another came forward, and by the relieved expression that came over his features they knew that he also had been lucky.

And after that came Otto's turn; he unfolded the piece of paper he had drawn, and there the letters N. S. E. W. met his eyes. He held up the unlucky ticket for the others to see, and then threw it down with an oath. "Just my luck!" he muttered, and turning abruptly away, left the biergarten.

The next morning all the village was astir, for it was the Grand Duke's birthday; flags were flying everywhere, and there was a profusion of bunting displayed from most of the houses.

In a small village news travels fast, so by this time most of the people knew that Otto was to climb the steeple. It formed quite a pleasurable little excitement for them to look forward to after the everyday routine, as it was quite a new custom, this climbing of the steeple; so shortly after mid-day they flocked out of the village and began to congregate round the church. The Burgomaster was there too, standing on the balcony of the townhall, partly to watch the people, and partly to witness Otto's ascent; for it was his idea and proposal that the weather-cock should be cleaned and generally looked after every year, and that it should take place on the Duke's birthday.

So the people eagerly awaited Otto's advent.

At last one o'clock struck. "He will be coming now," said the villagers, but they waited and Otto did not come.

The quarter past struck and Otto did not appear.

And now the crowd began to show signs of impatience; they asked one another if anything had happened; and all the time people came pouring in from neighboring villages, and seeing the crowd in the market-place stopped to watch Otto make the ascent.

Another quarter rang out from the steeple and still Otto did not come. The Burgomaster, standing imposingly on his balcony, also became impatient. "Why is Otto so late?" he exclaimed irritably.

At last a murmur of "There he is!" ran through the crowd, as the well-known figure appeared on the turret immediately below the spire. His broad-brimmed hat with the hawk's feather was as usual placed on the back of his head, the only difference being that the brim was turned down over his face to keep the dazzling sun from off his eyes.

He waited one moment, and then very slowly and very carefully began to climb the outside of the spire, and the crowd with upturned face watched his every movement. On he climbed until at last he reached the top.

There was a murmur of applause from the crowd when they saw him gain the weathercock; and there at the dizzy height of 380 feet, he drew from his pocket some pieces of cloth and proceeded to brighten the vane, until it shone again, sending out flashes of light each time it caught the sun.

"Bravo, Otto! Otto has climbed well!" shouted the people. And then once more

there was silence when the crowd saw him begin to make the descent, which was a far more difficult task than the ascent; but at last he safely neared the turret, and the crowd began to move away; some back to their villages, some remaining for the fete.

When suddenly a pigeon, frightened by the unusual noise so near to its nest, flew out with a whirr and a flutter of wings close to the climber's feet, who threw up his hands in sudden alarm, missed his footing, gave one wild clutch at the stonework, and then fell heavily into the turret below.

A scene of fearful confusion followed.

"He has fallen! Otto has fallen!" shouted the villagers, and many rushed up the steps that led to the turret.

For a few minutes there was a hushed silence of anxious expectation, and then swiftly the news ran from mouth to mouth, from ear to ear that it was Max who had climbed the spire, not Otto, and that he had been disguised in Otto's clothes.

This announcement brought the excitement to a climax; the crowd, horrified at what they had just seen, surged backwards and forwards; people ran hither and thither shouting and gesticulating in their excitement.

Then there was a movement in the crowd, and something was carried slowly into the townhall.

"Eh?" said the villagers in awestruck tones; "who would have thought that it was Max climbing the spire! It's wonderful! But oh, it is terrible to fall like that!"

And then followed the natural question: "Why had Max climbed the spire, and where was Otto all this time?"

* * * * * *

Two whole days passed by, days of gossiping, doubt and conjecture; for Max, still unconscious, hovered between life and death, and no trace could be found of Otto; he had disappeared mysteriously and suddenly, no one knew where. The police were sent out in all directions. First of all the mill, now deserted and silent, was searched; they looked into every nook and corner, peered into the dark waters of the mill stream, investigated the village and the neighborhood; but all in vain.

The matter then became serious; the officials hinted at foul-play, and the only person who could have thrown any light on the subject was Max, for it was with him that Otto had been seen last; and then gradually, little by little, the suspicion that had been in the minds of many now began to be spoken out openly, and this suspicion fell on Max. Every circumstance seemed against him.

The third day there was still no news of Otto; and the excitement in the village had in no way abated, but rather increased, when it became known that Max had recovered consciousness, and that the Burgomaster intended questioning him about Otto. So a number of the villagers assembled outside the kaufhaus, and great was the speculating and conjecturing that went on as to what Max would say, and whether he would confess his guilt. Marie was among the crowd, pale and wan after days of anxious waiting; her hands were clasped nervously together as she stood preparing herself to hear the worst.

Presently the Burgomaster came out; there was a troubled look on his face, and as he passed through the crowd someone ventured to ask him what Max had said; but drawing up his small person to its fullest height he waved his hand majestically, and sweeping on, vouchsafed never an answer.

This was decidedly unsatisfactory to the crowd who had been standing long under the heat of a mid-day sun, and were eagerly waiting to the result. However, their patience was at length rewarded, for the solution to this mystery came in a sudden and entirely unexpected manner. Thrusting his way through the dense crowd, pushing people aside in his haste, panting with exhaustion, came Otto!

For a moment the crowd thought it must be the ghost of the man they had thought dead; women screamed and crossed themselves hurriedly, but they soon saw that it was Otto in substantial form. What a change from the Otto of only a few days ago. His clothes were torn and bespattered with mud, he wore no hat, his unkempt hair hung dank and damp over his brow, and terror was written on every feature of his face.

"Where is he? where is Max?" he exclaimed in a hoarse voice.

"In the kaufhaus," said the crowd, pressing round him and still gazing at him in bewilderment.

"And is he?"—continued Otto, looking form one face to another in an agony of fear—"is he——?" but he could not finish the sentence; he dared not, and those standing near guessed his meaning and said: "Yes, poor Max is dying."

"Himmel! if he dies I shall have killed him," cried. He never meant to speak aloud his thoughts, but in the horror of that moment the words escaped him unwittingly.

Immediately a dozen voices exclaimed "Why."

There was a long pause; Otto looked round for some means of escape; he would have given worlds to avoid the humiliation that was in store for him; but it was impossible with that of sea faces around him, and the thought that his friend was dying checked the lies that came glibly to his lips, and which could have saved him from this ordeal. Seeing that everything must be known sooner or later, Otto made up his mind to put a bold face on the matter and tell all, fondly hoping that his frankness would favorably impress the crowd.

So he recounted how that he had induced Max to climb the spire, and confessed, with a fine assumption of shame in his voice, that he was afraid to climb the spire himself, and had persuaded Max to impersonate him; how that he had hidden in the woods for fear of being found out when he saw Max fall, and unable to bear the suspense longer, had now returned to the village, and ended by saying, with an air of bravado, that he hoped they would all forgive him.

But he was mistaken, for it now began to dawn upon these stolid German yokels that their ideal and hero, Otto, was after all a fraud and a miserable coward, and the loftly pinnacle on which they had set him fell rapidly to the ground. An indescribable murmur of indignation ran through the crowd. Otto heard it, and his face became livid with fear. Looking wildly round, he caught sight of an opening; through this he fled, and rushing down a narrow street for his very life, escaped; and by the time that the shades of evening had made the dark woods of the Black Forest still darker, Otto was tramping wearily through the forest, miles away from the little village.

* * * * * *

For days Max's life hung by a thread. Then slowly but surely he began to recover and to regain his strength, and at last was so far convalescent as to be able to descend the old steps of the kaufhaus, walk slowly through the down, along the cool meadows until he came to his village; and great was his surprise to find that the villagers who had once so disliked him were now pleased to see him. Pleased! pleased was not the word for it, they were delighted; people were shaking hands with him every moment, crowding round him, clapping him on the back, shouting "hoch! hoch!" wondering all the time how they could have misjudged him so.

But somehow Max's steps soon turned in the direction of a certain field where the lilies of the valley grew wild; and then past that to a little cottage; and it is not difficult to imagine the rest. For a few months later Max and Marie were wedded; and great was the rejoicing when it was known that the Burgomaster had so arranged matters that Max became master of the saw-mill where once he had only been an assistant.

On that wedding-day everything seemed brightness itself; the village and the dark pine-woods were bathed in sunshine, the bridal procession was a stream of bright coloring and the bells a peal of joyful music; but in the distance could be seen through the trees the spire of the Pearl of Breisgau, and there was something upon it that glittered and glistened in the sunlight and which shone out more brightly than all the rest, and that was—the vane.

And thus it happened that the brightening of the vane—Max's deed of love—was a blessing in disguise, for it revealed and showed up the real characters of two men, and it was for Max the beginning of a brighter and a happier life.

This custom of climbing to the vane from the outside of the spire still continues to the present day, though never, perhaps, has the climb been so eventful, or the interest taken in the ceremony so great as on that day when the ascent was made by Max.

A SELF IMPORTANT little country gentleman entered Baron Haussmann's office in Paris one day, having some complaint to make, and proceeded to state his errand in a pretty lofty tone and without taking off his hat. The officer was equal to the occasion. "Wait a moment," he said, and he rang a bell. A servant answered the summons. "Bring me my hat," said the Prefect. The hat was brought, the officer put it on, and turned to his caller. "Now," said he, "I will hear you."

Donald's Choice.

BY H. H.

"COME in!" exclaimed the Captain, a trifle irritably perhaps, for we were nearing the conclusion of a hard-fought game, and my antagonist was just about to make a critical move. Casting a rapid glance at the telegram which the servant had placed on the table, he once more turned his attention to the chessboard; but I noticed with surprise a nervous twitching of the lips and a trembling of the usually steady fingers.

For nearly a quarter of an hour after the brief interruption the game continued, and then by a brilliant strategic move he broke up my defense, and exclaimed, with a dry chuckle—

"You are beaten, Menzies; it is a mate in four moves."

I congratulated him heartily, and was about to seek consolation for my defeat in another pipe, when, tossing over the telegram, he said abruptly—

"Read that!"

A mist rose before my eyes and obscured my sight as I read the brief message and understood the terrible significance of its words.

"If you are not afraid of small-pox"—so the words ran—"come to Descato, Minn. Co., Texas. Don is dying.

"HESTER PROVIS."

Don is dying! For a time I could not get beyond that. Far away in a distant land, among strangers and aliens, dependent on the care of one weak loving woman, our gallant lad lay dying—and unforgiven. Ay, there was the rub—to die with his father's enmity still hot against him!

My thoughts went back to the time when I first met the beautiful woman who afterwards became the wife of Captain Provis and Donald's mother.

He had never guessed my secret, and put the love I bore towards Donald down to our own ancient friendship; but in her tender eyes, sweet soul, I had read long ago a kindly pity for the blow she had unconsciously dealt me. I stood beside them at the altar, for the Captain was my oldest friend; and then, when the ceremony was over, I wandered off, heeding little whither my wayward footsteps carried me. Occasionally, through some chance rencontre, I learned that they were well and happy, and with that I was content.

One day however terrible news reached me, and I hurried back to England, to find Captain Provis in a wild delirium of grief. Alas, his happiness had been of short duration; in giving birth to her child his beautiful wife had laid down her own sweet life. Provis was inconsolable, and for nearly five years he took scarcely any notice of the little one whose advent had caused him such bitter agony. By degrees however the pretty little fellow, with his artless prattle and loving ways, twined himself around the tendrils of that bruised heart, and the Captain became passionately fond of him.

The years glided swiftly away, and Don reached manhood. The Captain and I were inordinately proud of the handsome stalwart young fellow, and many were the fanciful dreams we wove in our stupid old heads concerning his brilliant future. One day he left us with a light heart and heavy purse to join some friends on a touring expedition. His father had given him a free hand, and the young rogue took full advantage of the Captain's generosity.

It was more than twelve months after his departure when, with pleased surprise, I saw him one morning stroll into my breakfast-room. He had already breakfasted, he said, and had taken advantage of his father's temporary absence to come and seek my advice.

"The fact is," he said gloomily, but plunging at once into the middle of the business, "there is something my father must know, but which I scarcely care to tell him." I looked up in surprise. "Oh," he said hesitatingly, "it is nothing disgraceful; but there—you may as well know it at once! I am engaged to be married!"—and he bent his head sheepishly. This statement made me groan audibly. "You see," he went on, "my father has a notion that I am going to marry my cousin Alice, and I am afraid this news will be a trifle unwelcome. But I cannot draw back; my word is pledged; and, besides, I love the girl."

Of course I gave him all the encouragement possible, and promised to go over to Billinghay Manor in the evening; but a shadow of fear lay across my heart as I thought of the Captain's cherished scheme, shattered at one blow into atoms. I knew too well how strongly his mind was set on the union between Don and Alice Graythorpe to imagine for one moment that he would consent to see his pet plan upset without a desperate struggle, and I trembled for the result.

I watched my old friend's face as, that evening, after dinner, Don told him his story. I knew that the haunting fear that had possessed me all day had not existed without a cause. The Captain listened without moving a muscle; but his features were stern, and there was a look of obstinate anger in his eyes which boded ill for Don's peace. Presently he spoke, and his voice sounded harsh in the silent room.

"I do not know what you expect from me," he said coldly; "but there is only one course open—you must give the girl up."

Don bit his lip savagerly.

"That is impossible," he answered. "My word is given; and you would not wish me to sully my honor."

Then the storm burst. For almost the only time in his life Captain Provis lost his temper, and in the bitterness of his soul poured forth a volume of cruel stinging words, every syllable of which carried dismay into the heart of his son.

"There is nothing more to say," he concluded. "You may make your choice; but remember, if you marry this girl, you are no longer son of mine!"

The lad's eyes moistened, but there was no sign of hesitation or wavering in his quiet words.

"I acknowledge my error," he said, "and it grieves me to see your disappointment; but there is no way out of it. I should never marry my cousin Alice, and Hester Turrough is my affianced wife."

It was in vain that I strove to alter the Captain's resolution; he remained obdurate; and one morning—ah me, the bitterness of that time clings to me even now!—Don bade me farewell and passed completely out of our lives.

And this was the end of it—dying, perhaps dead, in a foreign land!

"Come," I said, rising and seizing the Captain by her shoulder—"pack a few necessary things. Leave me to find out about a steamer;" and, hurrying from the room, I hastened home to make a few arrangements.

* * * * * *

A score or two of miserable-looking houses, half of them closed and deserted, one or two ruined stores, and a dilapidated hotel—these constituted the township of Descato. It was about twenty miles from the nearest railway-station, from which we had driven. We got down in front of the dreary-looking hotel, and, followed closely by the Captain, I made my way into the deserted saloon. A lank cadaverous man with shrunken cheeks and hollow eyes emerged from an inner room and stared at us with an air of ludicrous astonishment.

"We beg your pardon," I said, "but we are strangers in Descato. Can you tell us where to find Donald Provis and his wife?"

A look of intelligence dawned suddenly in the hitherto dull eyes of the stranger, and, throwing off his air of languor and utter weariness, he stepped eagerly towards us.

"Yes," he said slowly, after a brief examination of our features—"I recognize the likeness; you are the Captain, and you"—with another glance at me—"are 'uncle Ralph.'"

I looked at my friend; the perspiration stood in beads on his forehead.

"Quick, man!" I cried. "Good or evil, tell us your news! Anything is better than this suspense!"

The landlord straightened himself and, grasping the Captain's hand, said warmly.

"Britisher, I congratulate you! The boy lives, and his wife too; and a nobler couple or one with more real downright grit you will search for in vain throughout this State! Look at me—nothing very substantial just at present; but that there is anything is due to them. When the plague struck us and we were scared almost out of our existence, they went to work to fight it. Nothing tired, nothing daunted them. There are few people in Descato today who do not owe their lives to them. Then, when the work was done, the lad fell sick.

"'Hiram,' he said to me, 'don't get frightened, but it had seized me at last. Promise, if I should go under, to look after Hester, and send her safely back to the old country.' It was a near thing, gentleman—a very near thing," Hiram continued sententiously; "and nothing but that woman's devotion pulled him through. I never saw anything like it. Even when matters were at their worst and we all

thought the poor young fellow was slipping through our fingers, she still showed a brave countenance, though her heart must have been like a stone. And how tenderly she nursed him, never murmuring, never thinking about rest! For weeks she literally lived in that sick-room, and it was impossible to keep her out! I don't know much about angels," the worthy Hiram concluded, "but, if that woman ain't a true angel of m roy, then I'm mighty out in my reckoning—that's all!"

Don and Hester—somehow I had already begun to think of her as "Hester"—were located in the upper part of the building. Our host disappeared for a few minutes, and, on returning to lead us up-stairs, whispered—

"Remember, our patient is very weak still. You must prepare yourselves for a great change."

Truly he was altered, the handsome stalwart man whom we had known in the glory of his strength. He was reclining in a large comfortable easy-chair, and looked what indeed he was—a man snatched from the very jaws of death.

The Captain tottered across the room; in this supreme moment his fictitious strength deserted him, and, with a sob drawn from his very heart, he cried, 'Don, my boy!" and then burst into a flood of tears.

In that one brief moment all the pride and bitterness of the past were swept away. There was no need for questionings or explanations, all was understood and forgiven in the silent but mighty language of the heart. Presently he raised his eyes from Donald's face and gazed uneasily round the room.

"Where is she?" he whispered; and, almost as if in answer to his question, Hester Provis came into the chamber—a tall magnificent woman, with a grand oval face framed in black silken hair, and with large eyes dark as sloes.

Captain Provis rose to meet her.

"My dear," he said gently—and his voice shook, a little with emotion—"I have been very cruel and unjust; will you forgive me? Will you pardon an old man's pride and prejudice, and come to me as my daughter?"

She gave him her hand, and in a soft caressing tone she answered—

"There is nothing to forgive. You did not know me, and we—perhaps we should not have acted so; but then I loved him very dearly, and life without Donald would have been a dreary thing. And now let us say no more, but let me try to prove in the years to come that Donald did not make an unworthy choice."

* * * * * *

We are in England now; our boy has recovered his former strength; and sometimes in the evening, when the Captain and I sit down to commence a friendly contest over the chess board, a tall beautiful woman will peep in, while a wee toddler crosses the floor to look at grandfather's pretty men and hold up his innocent face for a good-night kiss. We never revert to our hurried journey across the Atlantic, but I know sometimes, when there is a knock at the door, my old friend thinks of that terrible night when Hester's telegram reached his hands.

THE SALEMLEK.

THAT the life of the Sultan is monotonous to the last degree, is known to most people; and when you think that he leaves his palace once a week for but three-quarters of an hour, and always with the same object—namely, a state ceremony, even that ceases after a while to be any change for him. It is considered the orthodox thing for each Sultan when he comes to the throne to build a palace for himself.

The present sovereign, Hamid II., has built a nice but unpretentious one on a hill behind Beshiktashe, about a mile and a half from Pera. All the roads over which His Majesty is ever likely to pass are kept in fairly decent repair; the others must be seen and felt; description fails to picture the ruts, holes, boulders, stones, and crevices that you encounter in going along the roads and streets of Constantinople. If it rains heavily for twenty minutes, you have seas and lakes of mud, to pass over which is almost an impossibility. The road leading up to Yeldiz, however, is delightful to ride on; everything here is "fair to see." Before you arrive at the palace, you come to the Mosque of Yeldiz, where the Sultan goes to service every Friday.

Exactly opposite the mosque is the Pavilion, a house which belongs to His Majesty, where visitors go to witness the "Salemlek, or Sultan going to mosque."

To get a good view of all that takes place, you must be at the Pavilion two hours before the time the Sultan appears, for the windows get very quickly appropriated.

Every Friday there are from eight to ten thousand soldiers stationed round the mosque, guarding all the approaches. Among such a number of men, you can imagine the variety of uniforms. In one regiment the soldiers wore blue uniforms, with, of course, the universal red fez; they carried small red and white pennants, and all the horses were white. Another regiment had the same uniform and pennant, only the horses were black.

The sailors wear a pretty dress in summer, consisting of white cotton suits, with blue cuffs and collars, a bright red sash round their waists, and the red fez. They look nice and cool. In winter, blue clothes are substituted for the white ones. There are always eight or ten bands present, generally two or three playing at a time. Some of them are very good; but, as a nation, you cannot say the Turks are musical; and after our military music a Turkish band is not a treat.

The procession of the Sultan consists, firstly, of the ministers and high officers of State walking slowly two and two; then comes His Majesty, driving in a gorgeous carriage, dark red in color, but with a great deal of gold about it, drawn by a pair of magnificent Arab horses.

The coachman also was richly apparelled. Seated in the carriage opposite to the Sultan was the (then) Grand Vizier, Osman Pasha. After the carriage came more officers and soldiers. At the gate of the mosque, the ministers form two lines, when the Sultan drives between them up to the door of the mosque, bowing right and left to every one. As he approaches the mosque, a priest on the minaret calls the Faithful to prayer; and, among other things, he cries to the Sultan: "Oh, you think yourself a great man; but know that there is one greater than you, one Allah." As the bands are playing and the bands are playing and the troops shouting a Turkish "hurrah"—which is done according to command, not spontaneously or heartily—very little of this reproof is heard. I had a good look at His Majesty. He had an anxious, sad expression, and looked quite twelve years older than his age. After remaining about twenty or thirty minutes in the mosque, he reappears; and sometimes he holds review, when the ten thousand soldiers pass before him.

He never returns to the palace in the same carriage as he came; his riding-horse and an elegant park phaeton are waiting, and he chooses whether he rides or drives himself home. If he drives, the Pashas ride round his carriage. If he rides, every one else walks; nobody does the same as the Sultan. When I saw him he was not in uniform. He looked like any ordinary gentleman, only he wore the fez. Sometimes—perhaps once in six or seven weeks—he sends out at the last moment to say he is going to another mosque—one situated on the Beshiktashe Road—then soldiers, visitors, etc., have to scamper down hill as fast as they can, to be ready to receive His Majesty. Here the ceremony loses much of its grandeur and importance, owing to the locality and want of space round that mosque. For over thirteen years, the present Sultan has never missed to appear one single Friday to his subjects. If he did not show himself, they would think something was wrong.

The same state and ceremony take place year after year, till I should say that both men and horses can go through their duties blindfold.

DUCKS AND WINKLES IN FORMOSA.—The ingenuity of Chinese methods of fishing is well known. The British Consul at Tamsui, in Formosa, describes a method of fishing there for small winkles which are required in large quantities for feeding the thousands of ducks that are bred there artificially. A crowd of boats may always be seen at flood tide, each with one man in it, who is constantly engaged in hauling up his peculiar net, discharging its contents into his boat, and then pitching the net out again. A large stone carries the net to the bottom; and it is so nicely arranged and balanced as to cause the net to stand on the bottom of the river at the most convenient angle for the reception of the winkles, which are swept into it by the tide. The Consul also describes the artificial duck-hatching above mentioned, which is a great feature in the local native industries. A long low shed is built, mostly of wattles and mud, with a thick thatched roof. Along the inside walls are arranged rough troughs, which are filled up with grain and roasted paddy-husk, on which the eggs are placed as fast as they are laid. In the summer no particular precautions are taken, but in the winter the eggs are covered over with quilted coverlets; and far more care is taken to exclude cold draughts than is ever dreamed of in a native dwelling-house. The grain, which is sprinkled with a little warm water, sets up fermentation, and that, with the help of the warm paddy-husk, which is continually being changed, hatches the eggs in about thirty days. By this simple and inexpensive process the breeder is enabled to sell young ducklings at about one penny each. Many flocks of ducks, averaging five hundred to the flock, can always be seen up river at low tide, feeding on the mud banks, and attended by a man in a small boat, who occasionally feeds them with some of the winkles, and guides them about from place to place by his voice and by the movements of his boat.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The falling off in the value of common horses is largely explained by the fact that, as their places have been taken by electricity and the cable of street cars the demand has been much curtailed. The life of a car-horse, as is well known, is very short, about 18 months of regular service, and while they were in general use the demand for animals available for that kind of work was always steady, and therefore, the price of them was kept up.

Labor questions in Russia are decided by a judicial process of even-handed justice between employer and employed. In the case of a strike, the party who has broken the labor contract is imprisoned. If an employer finds it necessary to reduce the rate of wages or to dismiss a large number of his workmen, he sends private information beforehand to the governor and factory inspector, who endeavor to find employment for the discharged workmen.

A foreign military paper gives the rate of suicides in the German army as 6 33 per 10,000; in the French army as 3 33 per 10,000, and in the English army as 2.07. Suicides in the German army are said to be caused by the exaggerated sense of honor in the soldiers of that nation, the fear of punishment, and, lastly, ill treatment. The soldiers from Silesia and Prussian Saxony afford the largest number of suicides. It is noted that suicides are more common, both among civilians and soldiers, in Germany than in other European countries.

The South Carolina Presbytery at a recent meeting received into its membership, after examination, Rev. D. James Woodrow who has been under a cloud for some time on account of certain views about the descent of man which he is supposed to have entertained. He was asked if he believed the Holy Scriptures contained the Word of God, and he answered that he did. Further: "Do you believe that Moses wrote the Pentateuch?" "Moses? I do, sir." "What portion do you think he did not write?" "The account of his own death."

The vineyards of Europe cover 22 973,902 acres. Italy comes first with 8,575,000 acres, followed by France with 4,592,500, Spain with 4,012,500, Austria and Hungary with 1,637,5000 and Germany with 300,000 acres. The annual average production of the European vineyards is put at 2,652,300,000 gallons: Italy producing (in round numbers) 697,000,000 gallons, France and Spain 603,000,000 each, Austro-Hungary 206,000,000 and Germany 51,000,000 gallons. Spain exports most wine (200,000 000 gallons), but it is chiefly of a common kind.

The insect foes of the farmers are to be experimentally studied in a new department of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, with a view to better protection against them. Attention will be given to the collection and cultivation of all the pathogenic microbes of insects and animals destructive to crops, to the study of the conditions of development of these microbes, to the direction of field experiments and to the control of practical applications of the results. A committee of specialists will consider the best means of applying these results to the benefit of agriculture.

In the meat shops of towns in New Mexico and Arizona the visitor from the East is apt to notice that the dressed carcasses of sheep have a tuft of wool still attached to the head and the tail. This is left by the butcher to assure the customer that it is mutton and not goat flesh that he is buying, for in these Territories many flocks of goats are reared and pastured by the small Mexican ranchmen to be killed for food for the poorer natives. Roast or stewed kid, with Chili pepper sauce, is an esteemed dinner dish at the tables of many well-to-do American and Spanish-American citizens.

"Stealing a type-writer," said a man who looks after the rental department of a large Eastern type-writer house, "is grand larceny and a State prison offence; yet this and the further fact that an immense number of these culprits have already been sent to penitentiaries in different States do not deter dozens of others every month from making bold thefts. We have a standing list of from one to two hundred type-writers that have been stolen from our branch offices and agents in various sections of the country. Every type-writer has its own number, which cannot be effaced, and whenever we hear that a machine is missing we immediately communicate its number to our representatives in this country and abroad, with instructions to seize the machine when found and to prosecute the person holding it. It is only a matter of time when any type writer will need adjusting and repairing and will be taken to a repairer, and then the thief is easily apprehended. Thus we actually lose few or no machines."

A recent writer in speaking of the decadence of old sects in this country said that "even the Quakers seem to be dying out." To this statement a remonstrance has appeared in which it is said: "If the Quakers seem to be scarcer than in former years it is not because there are fewer of them, but because they are giving up their peculiarities of dress and speech, and are less readily identified by these outward tokens. Conclusive evidence that it is merely the Quaker peculiarities that are dying out, and not the Friends themselves, appears in the statement made at the Friends' Congress at the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago last fall that in 1892 there were 83 000 Friends in America, as against 52,000 in 1860."

A SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—A singular phenomenon occurs on the borders of the Red Sea at a place called Nakous, where the intermittent underground sounds have been heard for an unknown number of centuries. It is situated at about half a mile's distance from the shore, whence a long reach of sand ascends rapidly to a height of almost 300 feet. This reach is eighty feet wide and resembles an amphitheatre, being railed in by low rocks. The sounds coming up from the ground at this place recur at intervals of about an hour. They at first resemble a little murmur, but before long there is heard a loud knocking, somewhat like the strokes of a bell, and which, at the end of five minutes, becomes so strong as to agitate the sand. The explanation of this curious phenomenon given by the Arabs is that there is a convent under the ground, and these are sounds of the bell which the monks ring for prayers. So they call it Nakous, which means a bell. The Arabs affirm that the noise so frightens their camels when they hear it as to render them furious. Scientists attribute the sounds to suppressed volcanic action—probably to the bubbling gas or vapors underground.

"WAS there ever a love like ours?" he murmured. "Of course I can't judge your case," she cooed, "but with me the symptoms seem about as they have in my other attacks."

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

DICK'S SIMPLE PLAN.

BY A. L. DUDENEY.

"I'LL take baby now, Pollie."

Mrs. Clark gave a last flourish round with a duster as she spoke.

"The room looks as bright as a new pin," she went on. "Friday ain't cleaning-day by rights, but my husband's going to take me and baby to Epping Forest to-morrow for an outing. You've never been in the country, have you, Pollie?"

"No, ma'am; but I've heard it's beautiful."

"I should think it is, child! It's just what you want to put a bit of color in your cheeks. Why, baby—bless him!—has gone to sleep!"

Pollie's arms were aching; they were weak, and the baby was heavy. Mrs. Clark put him in the cradle, while she took from her cupboard a plate of dainty looking custard. She gave it to Pollie with the remark—

"It looks beautiful. I made it on purpose for your mother, thinking she might fancy a bit. Take it down to her now."

"It's very kind of you, ma'am; but"—the child's eyes grew wistful—"mother don't seem to relish anything lately."

"Poor soul! She wants a change—from this."

As Mrs. Clark spoke she pointed towards the window, through which could be seen row after row of dirty, closely-packed houses, and, hanging heavily over them all, the thick smoke of London.

"Ponder's Court isn't a nice place to live in," she said, a little bitterly; "and your mother's country-born too, Pollie. No wonder she pines. If she could have a run to the country, now—or, what's better, the seaside—it would do her a world of good."

Pollie carried down the custard thoughtfully.

"Country," "seaside," were only words to her—whose home, so far back as she could remember, had been Ponder's Court; but she felt sure they were words which stood for something wonderful.

Pollie's mother rented two rooms in the house where Mrs. Clark lived. It was a house in Shoreditch, which is not a very pleasant part of London. She earned her living by making waistcoats for a tailor in the City. But though she worked very hard, she could only make one waistcoat a day, and she did not get paid much for that. Pollie, who was ten, earned a shilling a week by minding Mrs. Clark's baby after school hours. Her brother Dick, who was only eight, was too young to earn anything.

For a long time Pollie had noticed that her mother was slow over her work, and dreadfully tired when she had finished it. When the hot weather came she gave up going backwards and forwards to the shop in Cheapside, but sent Pollie to fetch the waistcoats instead.

"Something must be done," thought the little girl, as she saw her mother push kind Mrs. Clark's custard away without tasting it.

She talked the matter over in whispers with her brother Dick that evening, as they sat together on the doorstep.

"How can we get money enough to send mother away?" she said anxiously. "It would cost a lot, I expect. The shilling Mrs. Clark pays me goes towards coal. The lady who lives at the top of the house said she'd give me sixpence a week to run her errands. But it would take ever so many sixpences to give mother a holiday, even if I saved them up."

"We might save up. I could sell evening papers after school. I know a boy who made lots that way."

"But you are so small, Dick. And perhaps mother wouldn't like it."

"We need not tell her. I don't think that would be wrong, do you?"

It was a tiresome point. The children could not decide it. They sat silent on the step for a minute or two, until Dick jumped up and startled his sister.

"I've got it!" he said excitedly, and his eyes were dancing with delight and mischief. "I've thought of a way to send mother to the seaside!"

"How?"

Pollie's eyes were shining too.

But Dick grew mysterious.

"You'll see," he said, "to-morrow. I'll take you and show you."

"What?"

"The way: that's all. You wait."

And with this Pollie had to be content.

Next day was Saturday, and a holiday from school. The children left Ponder's Court quite early, and trudged along the broad, busy road which leads from Shoreditch to the City.

"There!" said Dick triumphantly, stopping at last before an advertisement boarding. "Didn't I tell you I'd found a way? Look at that picture?"

Pollie looked where her brother pointed. She saw a big steamship on a blue sea, and above and below she read these words:—

"Excursion—Sea Trip to Harwich. Apply at the offices of the East Coast Steamship Company, Fenchurch Street." (This last was printed in smaller letters.)

"But that doesn't help us."

"Doesn't it?" Dick pointed to the word "apply." "That means ask," he explained.

"It means pay," contradicted Pollie sadly. "Oh! Dick dear"—she was almost crying—"we've come all this way for nothing. And I might have been helping mother clean the rooms out."

"'Apply' means 'ask,'" persisted Dick. "If they meant 'pay,' they'd say so. Come on to Fenchurch Street, and see who is right."

And Pollie went, though she felt that mother's chance of a holiday was as far away as ever.

When they found the offices, the splendor of the building frightened her. She wanted to turn back, but as Dick marched on quite boldly, she followed—through a mahogany swing door, up flights of stone stairs, and into a room with a long polished counter, behind which sat some gentlemen.

"If you please, sir," said Dick, catching the eye of one, and coming at once to the point, "will you give me a ticket for mother to go to the seaside? And please will you tell me what time the boat starts?"

"Wait a minute, little man. Did mother give you the money for the ticket?"

"No, sir."

Dick's face fell.

"Oh, if you please, sir," faltered Pollie, "I knew it must be wrong. We're very sorry—aren't we, Dick?—and we'll go away at once. We should never come, only mother wants a change so bad, and we thought——"

"That she might go to Harwich for the asking?"

"Yes, if you please, sir."

Pollie was about to run away, dragging Dick with her, but at that moment another gentleman came from an inner room, and on being told the story, talked to her and her brother very kindly, and ended by giving them three tickets for the sea trip.

"I was right, after all," said Dick, as they went downstairs.

"Only half, Dick dear," said his sister.

They hurried home in high glee. When they burst into the room where their mother sat, the wonder was that she looked quite bright and happy, as though—which was clearly impossible—she already knew of the treat in store for her.

When the children gave her the tickets and told her what they had done, she kissed them both; and then she cried a little, though she did not seem to be sorry about anything.

"A sea trip will be a great treat," she said.

"And will it make you well?" asked Pollie anxiously.

"It will help to," laughed her mother.

She seemed such a bright, happy mother that day.

"I have very good news for you," she went on. "A lady has been to see me today. Once, a long time ago, I was her servant. She wants some one to take care of a cottage in the country, and has offered me the situation. I shall get quite well."

And so she did; for it was nothing but the stuffiness of Ponder's Court and the toil of stitching at waistcoats which had made her ill.

The trip to Harwich, you may be sure, they all enjoyed very much. And when last I heard of them they were settled in a dear little cottage, and Pollie and Dick were learning about birds and bees and flowers, and many other delightful things, of which they had never even heard while they were living in Shoreditch.

THE two sides of the human face are not exactly alike, and a learned biologist asserts that the lack of symmetry, as a rule, is confined to the upper part of the face. In two cases out of five the eyes are out of line, and seven persons out of every ten have one eye stronger than the other. Another singular fact is that the right ear is almost invariably higher than the left.

LIZZIE—"I'm awful mad at Laura. She told Charley that I painted." Emma—"I wouldn't be mad. She'd do it, too, if she had your face."

PRECIOUS STONES.

Buying jewels is as hazardous as buying horses, and could anything possibly be more risky than the latter? White sapphires have occasionally been sold as diamonds, and as a proof that white topaz may easily be confused with them, one has only to recall the fact that the largest diamond in the world, the Braganza, belonging to the Crown of Portugal, and valued at fifty-eight millions sterling, is by many considered to be only a topaz. Carbon, in a pure crystalized state, is in every color of the rainbow, red, orange, green, blue and even black, and occasionally the colored are as valuable as a brilliant of the same size. The jewels next in hardness to the diamond are the sapphire and the ruby, called by experts corundum, or crystalized clay. Blue corundum is called sapphire; red, ruby; green, oriental emerald; orange, oriental topaz; and violet, oriental amethyst. The word oriental distinguishes these from real emerald, topaz and amethyst, which are distinct minerals.

The largest and most famous ruby in the world forms part of the Imperial State Crown made for Queen Victoria in 1838. It is believed that this ruby was worn in front of the helmet of Henry V at Agincourt. The most precious sapphires and rubies, when cut and polished, show rays from the centre to the sides, in the form of a six-pointed star. On this account they are called star sapphires or rubies. It is difficult to produce a gem upon these stones on account of their exceeding hardness, but there are a few good intaglios and cameos extent in both; one, a cameo of Cupid, by Isler, on a sapphire; another, a front face cameo of Diana on a ruby, by Pistrucci. Topaz is the next jewel in degree of hardness. It consists of about half clay, one-third flint and the rest fluoric acid. The best are yellow, with sometimes a greenish tinge. Some found in Brazil are perfectly colorless, and are called "nova-mina" diamonds. They are more brilliant when polished than any jewel. There are a few blue topazes found—these are taken by the uninitiated for sapphires.

The emerald is supposed to be particularly lucky to those born in the month of May. She is also to be wealthy, and to possess an eloquent tongue. The cat's-eye belongs to June, the ruby to July, the moonstone to August, the sapphire to September, and the opal to October. The name may be regarded as a synonym for hope, in the belief of the ancients. The topaz is November's stone, and the turquoise December's. The humble garnet is January's, and the pearl belongs to February, the jacinth to March, and diamonds to April. Strangely enough, this most magnificent and costly of jewels is known as the emblem of innocence, probably owing to the purity of its exquisite whiteness. Lapis lazuli, a peculiar stone, varying in shades from sky blue to dark blue, comes from various parts of Asia, and has usually specks of yellow or white iron pyrites, which some authorities believe to be gold or silver. The fine blue color for painting, called ultra-marine, is made from lapis lazuli by grinding it powder and purifying it from pyrites and other substances which are mixed with it in its natural state. The amethyst is the softest of the stones called jewels. It is crystalized flint, otherwise rock crystal, tinted in various shades of violet, this color being produced by iron and manganese. The cause of the unpopularity of amethyst for jewery is that it loses its color at night. Moonstone is a sort of felspar. Cat's-eye is of similar composition and appearance, but darker in color, the light always being in a line, whence it derives its name, that of the moonstone, on the other hand, diffused. This curious stone is popularly supposed to bring good luck to the wearer. It looks best when set in diamonds. Beryl or aqua marina is first cousin to the emerald in nature and composition, though rather harder. Its color is bluish or sea-green, and it is often set in cheap jewelry with a green foil behind it to look like emerald. The chrysoberyl is sister to the beryl, but has more yellow in the green. Another beautiful stone which resembles both is called chrysolite, a pure lucid green characterizing it. Peridot is another name for chrysolite. This mineral is harder than glass, but less hard than quartz. It is often transparent, but sometimes only translucent. Olivine is a variety of this stone in a bottle-green color. Jacinth resembles garnet, through lighter in color and with more of a golden-brown tint in the red, which may almost be defined as orange. Tourmaline is a mineral in brown, blue, green and red varieties, the two latter being much esteemed in jewelry. Tourmaline is also black. When heated crystals of this stone exhibit electric polarity.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Artificial ice was first made in 1783.

Wood pulp is used for adulterating yarn.

In New Zealand cats are used to destroy rabbits.

A Chinese newspaper has been started in New York.

Physicians' carriages have the right of way in Berlin.

Two thousand oil wells are in operation in West Virginia.

In India a native may board comfortably for 6 cents a day.

The raw silk from Kansas cocoons is said to be the best in the world

Japan sends to the United States nearly 40,000,000 pounds of tea annually.

Iceland, with 70,000 inhabitants, has as many papers as the Empire of China.

Danish lighthouses are supplied with oil to pump on the waves during a storm.

The total area of the coal fields in the world is estimated at 471,000 square miles.

In treaties with China the United States is called Mei kwo, the beautiful country.

Two-thirds of the gold now in use in the world was discovered during the last 50 years.

Over 27,000 pounds weight of edible birds' nests are annually shipped from Java to China.

A camera especially adapted for the photography of meteors has been invented by a Boston artist.

Public shower baths have been largely adopted in Germany. They are said to be well patronized.

A radish 44 inches in length and 22 inches in circumference is on exhibition at Winter Haven, Fla.

Nearly 60,000 acres have been reclaimed in Ireland during the past year from bog and marsh lands.

Since 1840, 37 vessels, of which a part of the name was "The City of," have been wrecked or lost.

The Chinese, Japanese, Malays, Siamese, New Zealanders and North American Indians are beardless.

A retired naval officer has invented a rifle which is capable of firing two kinds of explosive bullets at once.

A devilfish having a mouth with a lateral spread of over five feet was recently captured in the Gulf of Mexico.

In a Western village the church collection is taken up in a bag at the end of a pole, with a bell attached to arouse sleepers.

A square Scandinavian copper coin, struck in the sixteenth century, is nearly half an inch thick and weighs a pound and a quarter.

Japanese doctors never present bills to their patients. They await the latters' inclination to pay, and then accept whatever sum is offered.

The smallest people in the world are the natives of the Andaman Islands. The average height is four feet, and their weight about 70 pounds.

Hot milk is a regular recognized drink in some of the German cafes. It is served in a cup with a saucer, and two lumps of sugar always accompany it.

Since our annexation of Alaska the habit of getting drunk has, unhappily, increased among the natives, both along the seaboard and further inland.

Sea-bathing causes many diseases of the ear. A medical authority advises that cotton should be put in the ear when it is the intention to submerge the head.

The edible dogs of China are known by their bluish black tongues. They never bark and are very taciturn. Four million and a half are slaughtered annually.

Stringent efforts are being made to reforest Switzerland. More than 40,000,000 young trees, it is officially reported, have been planted in that country in the last seven years.

Cremation, which was the regular mode of disposing of the dead among the ancient Romans, has had a revival in popular favor in modern Italy, where there are now 22 crematories.

A bluebook has recently been issued in which is summed up the statistics of ghost-seeing. Of 17,000 persons questioned, 1634 asserted that they had seen ghosts at different periods in their lives.

In Italy there are more theatres in proportion to the population than in any other country, there being in Catania one to every 2800 inhabitants. In London there is one theatre to every 145,000 inhabitants.

In France the Government, fearing that enemies or foreigners may use the carrier-pigeon for carrying secret information, has passed a law by which those who keep pigeons without license shall be punished. The carrier-pigeon is every day growing more and more important.

ONE SUMMER EVE.

BY ST. GERMAIN.

Dost thou remember how, one Summer eve,
We sat together in the old church porch,
A time to make the lightest hearted grieve,
Thinking on life, and Death's inverted torch?
Before our eyes the grassy hillocks spread,
Swathed down with osiers, where, in peace and rest,
The tillers of the soil slept sound beneath,
With wife and child together on earth's breast.
Then, silently, did I my bones bequeath
Unto that quiet home. Hear my bequest:
And, if I go before thee, lay me there,
Where thou wilt pass me as thou goest to prayer.

OF FOSSIL MEN.

The Drift period followed the Glacial age. Before the Glacial age the temperature of Northern Europe was much higher than now. The great forests locked in ice in Greenland and the fossil vegetation in Iceland and Spitzbergen bear witness to a warmer climate than has been known there within historic times. From unknown causes the Glacial period set in.

The Glaciers ran down into central and Southern Europe and over a part of North America. At the end of the Glacial age a rainy period followed. The rivers worked out the valleys. There were great floods, and in Belgium the waters rose four hundred feet above the present level. The debris was carried down into the valleys and deposited in what is known as the river gravel. It is in this gravel-bed that we have the first positive evidence of the presence of man.

The palæocosmic men have been divided into different races. The grounds of the division are the skeletons, the character of the implements, the different strata in which the human remains sometimes appear and the predominance of different species of animals. The division cannot claim to be anything more than probable. Less than fifty skulls and considerable parts of skulls and less than a dozen complete skeletons have been found. The races in their leading types appear successively in Europe, but were for a considerable portion of the time contemporaneous.

The earliest race was the Canstadt. The celebrated Neanderthal skull belonged to this race. Two skeletons found in the grotto of Spy in Belgium are the last known specimens. Their appearance is thus described by Dawson: The head long but low, with projecting eyebrows and receding forehead, a somewhat large brain case, high and wide cheekbones, massive jaws, and receding chin.

It was a savage face. They were about five feet, seven inches in height. Their bones were thick, with marked protuberances for strong muscular attachment, and they were, therefore, very robust and athletic. They were hunters, and left few traces of settled dwelling places. At one time they probably occupied nearly the whole of Europe.

The second race in Europe was the Cro Magnon. Dawson pronounces them contemporaries of the Canstadts, but their local successors. They may have absorbed the Canstadts; at least they survived that race many years. At Grenelle the Cro Magnons are found in a stratum above the Canstadts. They fed upon the bear, the mammoth, and, to some extent, the hyena and lion, but their chief food was the horse and auroch. Only the feebler, such as old men, women and children, when left alone, stooped to take birds and small animals.

We have several skeletons, besides a number of skulls and isolated bones, from this race. The bones of three men, a woman, and a child were found near Les Eyzies in the valley of Vizere. The famous Engis skull is Cro Magnon. The race was tall and robust. The men were from five feet ten to six feet in height, and their bones were thick and strong. They had large foreheads and aquiline noses. The brain cavity was larger than the average European of to-day.

The Canstadt race are the oldest men known to geology. They were savages, but they were men. They have been called simian and brutal, yet they are very far above the highest known ape. In Haeckel's human tree the two parts next to man are unknown. Huxley has said that "to deny the gap would be as reprehensible as absurd." The Neanderthal skull is called by Huxley the most brutal known, but it is a human skull, with a brain capacity equal to that of the Malays. The Canstadt type of skull reappears not unfrequently in our own race. Quatrafages says Robert Bruce's belonged to it.

The geologic period of palæolithic men has been determined, but the chronological age remains unsettled. It is certain that the river gravel man in Europe was not the first man. There are scientific as well as historic reasons for believing that man originated in Asia. When he came to Europe is unknown. Quatrafages avows his belief in pliocene man. But Dawson examined on the ground the facts upon which the opinion as to pliocene and miocene men is based, and says positively that the human implements and bones in the pliocene strata are due to landslides. According to the belief of a large majority of scientific men, man does not appear in geology earlier than the latest tertiary.

The probable age of the gravel beds has been estimated from 9,000,000 years down as low as 20,000. Tylor says of these estimates, "They were guesses made when there was no scale to reckon time by." Dawson does not hesitate to express belief in a period that will harmonize with the Biblical history.

Scientific men of established character have recently said that the close of the glacial period may not have been more than six or seven thousand years ago. There is evidence that the peat beds formed much more rapidly than has been usually estimated (three feet, instead of one inch, per century), and Tylor assures us that the two gravel beds were formed at the same time.

So far as has yet been established in regard to fossil men we have no reason for giving up our Biblical history.

Grains of Gold.

The best remedy for worry is trust.

Hope is the twin brother of happiness.

To a small soul a dollar always looks big.

Never break any promise you make to a child.

As long as a sin can hide its head it feels safe.

It isn't the biggest tree that bears the best fruit.

Borrowers of trouble never have to go far to get it.

We cannot sow bad seed and reap a good harvest.

There is no deception so dangerous as self-deception.

When we fail to justify ourselves, we lose our self-respect.

One man living a godly life will make many others want to.

The man who lives only to please himself has a hard master.

The blossoms may smell sweet and yet the fruit be very bitter.

There are men who help the world a great deal when they get out of it.

Men are made rich, not by what the world can give, but by what it can't take away.

Treasure laid up in heaven don't stop drawing interest when the bank down here breaks.

There is no use in trying to reason with people who are governed by impulse or appetite.

Be not righteous overmuch, lest you use up the supply of a lifetime in a single season, and have not sufficient left to leaven the rest of your years.

A dead man can drift down stream, but it takes a live man to pull against it. That is the time that tries a man's soul—when the tide is against him.

Femininities.

Japanese women are almost wholly vegetarians.

Rose-leaf jam is a common dish in Roumania, where roses are grown by the million.

Miss Susan B. Anthony's next birthday (her 75th, and she doesn't care who knows it) falls February 15th next.

Miss Sherman, the Senator's only (and adopted) daughter, is to be married to a young Washington man next month.

Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day.

Miss Gould, of London, is England's only female recruiting sergeant. She works among young thieves and the very poor, and has done much good.

In Dutch Guiana the women carry upon their person all the family savings, in the shape of heavy bracelets, anklets, necklaces, and even crowns of gold and silver.

Archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria, is said to own the smallest dog in the world. It weighs about half a pound, and is seven inches long and seven inches high.

At some of the Queen's dinner parties a quaint custom is kept up. As each course is placed on the table one of the clerks of the kitchen solemnly announces in loud tones the name of the cook who prepared it.

In Holland the peasant girl who is without a beau at fair time hires a young man for the occasion. As good dancers command a high price, two maidens sometimes club together to employ the same swain.

Mrs. Nurich: "How is my daughter making out in her art studies?" Artist: "Very well; only she lays the colors on too thick." Mrs. Nurich: "That's all right; her father can afford to let her have all the paint she wants."

In Switzerland girls on arriving at the age of fourteen are regularly employed as porters, and during the season in that country may be seen daily carrying the baggage of travelers up and down the steep mountain paths.

Down in Atlanta they say that Miss Ellen Dorch, who did active work for Governor elect Atkinson, is to become his private secretary, a position which, in Georgia, carries with it a Major's commission. Miss Major Dorch is the comely editor of a weekly paper.

Miss Wrede is Finland's prison angel. For the past 12 years she has visited every prison and every prisoner in Finland at least once a year, and many of the most hardened criminals have been reclaimed to useful lives through her efforts. Her mission absorbs her entire time.

The costliest fur in the markets of the world is that of the sea otter, and it is year by year becoming more expensive. At the London spring sales of the present year one of these beautiful skins brought $1050; and yet the size of it was only about six feet long by two feet wide.

A New York landlady, finding two of her tenants undesirable, asked them to leave. This they refused to do, and, as she had found dispossess proceedings too expensive in the past, she got three pans of sulphur which she set on fire in the room beneath. In less than an hour the two boarders left.

A story is told of a wealthy but parsimonious woman who was not easily affected by the appearance of misery. Being informed that a hungry beggar was eating grass in the front of the house, she exclaimed: "Poor man; take him to the back yard and let him eat the grass there. It grows higher."

A German professor urges the encouragement of the habit of making stamp collections, on the ground that it develops the color sense, teaches children to observe minute differences, and makes them familiar with the names of various countries, thus stimulating their interest in geography.

The strangest market in the world takes place every year in Teltow, Germany. It is called the marriage market, and deserves its name. All the young men and girls of the surrounding towns and villages come to Teltow, and dances, as well as other amusements, are arranged. Match-makers are very busy in that week, and numerous engagements are the result.

Dr. Douglass Hogg, of Paris, recently requested in the columns of a Paris paper the opinions of medical men as to whether bicycling was healthy or injurious to women. He has received 43 answers to his question from distinguished English, French and other physicians. Of these 30 approve the exercise, if practiced in moderation, three recommend it under certain conditions, while nine are totally opposed to bicycling for women.

Rather a neat thing in the way of advertising was recently done by the publishers of a German novel. They caused to be inserted in most of the newspapers a notice to the effect that a certain nobleman of wealth and high position, desirous of finding a wife, wanted one who resembled the heroine in the novel named. Thereupon every marriageable woman who saw the notice bought the book to see what the heroine was like, and the work had an immense sale.

Masculinities.

Doctors state that after the age of 50 the brain loses weight.

The hardest work any man can undertake is to try to manage himself.

The standing army of Hawaii consists of 64 men, 8 of whom are generals.

There are signs of the revival of the old fashioned silhouette as a society fad.

All kinds of fish, except the cheaper sorts eaten by the poor, are taxed for revenue in France.

King Oscar of Sweden has composed a new symphony, and will oversee its performance.

There is a man living at Stillwater, Minn., who has not worn a hat for 40 years, winter or summer.

Cincinnati has started a barber school for girls, where a free hair cut and a shave can be had for the asking.

We love to expect, and when expectation is either disappointed or gratified we want to be again expecting.

In Turkey the house a man lives in cannot be seized for debt, and sufficient land must be left to serve to support him.

Mr. Bayard has remarked publicly that he did not, during his whole sojourn in England, hear a story that would offend the most delicate ear.

Commander-in-Chief Yamataga, of the Japanese army, is of very humble origin. His father belonged to the lowest of the Samanri castes in Japan.

The Prince of Wales takes interest in all kinds of machinery, and has recently ministered to his taste by installing a Remington typewriter in Marlborough House.

Lord Rosebery, the English Premier, is said to be one of the most reserved men who ever lived. He takes few men into his confidence, perhaps none completely.

Judges in Morocco receive either no pay at all or not enough to live on, so that justice is not administered, but sold. He who is most liberal to the judge always wins his cause.

England has the advantage of us in safety of railroad travel. In 1893 not a single passenger of the 40,000,000 conveyed during the first six months of the year was killed while on the trains.

The sending of a message and reply between Manchester, England, and Victoria, British Columbia, recently, occupied only 80 seconds. The total distance by wire, out and return, is 18,000 miles.

Every Japanese barrack has a gymnasium, and the Japanese soldiers rank among the best gymnasts in the world. In half a minute they can scale a fourteen-foot wall by simply bounding on each other's shoulders, one man supporting two or three others.

To repress drunkenness the Governor of St. Petersburg has just ordered that the names and addresses of all persons found intoxicated in the streets, regardless of rank or sex, shall be posted in certain public places in the city and also printed in the Official Gazette.

A peculiarity of the blind is that there is seldom one of them who smokes. Soldiers and sailors accustomed to smoking, and who have lost their sight in action, continue to smoke for a short while, but soon give up the habit. They say it gives them no pleasure when they cannot see the smoke.

Binkerton: "How does Radstock come to get so many invitations for evening parties?"

Pilgarlic: "Well, you know, a man who can stimulate the flow of conversation is always a welcome guest."

Binkerton: "But Radstock is no talker."

Pilgarlic: "He doesn't talk himself—he sings."

Botanists have found that names which have no relation to the characters of the plants they bear are less likely to mislead than those which have connection, and hence it is a custom to give the names of new plants to the discoverers, or in honor of some individual. Professor Ed. Greene, notes that 126 American genera commemorate American citizens. Washington and Jefferson are in the list.

A Scotch nobleman, seeing an old gardener of his establishment with a very old, patched, though not ragged coat, made some passing remarks on its condition. "It's a verra guid coat," said the honest old man. "I cannot agree with you there," said his lordship. "Ay, it's just a verra guid coat," persisted the old man; "it covers a contented spirit, and a body that owes no man anything; and that's mair than mony a man can say o' their coat."

The Chautauquan says: "Absinthe is the customary drink before dinner of fully one-third of the adult population of Paris. Taken to excess, that is, habitually four or five glasses a day, there is probably no more brain destroying liquor in the world. Few, however, go beyond one glass, and this does not seem to do any harm. In fact, the French as a whole are a remarkably temperate nation, and it is a very rare thing to see an intoxicated man who is not a foreigner."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Of course those interested in fashions of dress are also interested in dress ornamentation of which jewelry is a part. Under this head may be classed the latest novelty produced by the Parisian jewelers—namely, an unconventional scroll arrangement, through which is drawn the wide velvet necklet that obtains so largely nowadays, either as a finish to a high bodice or as a separate ornament for the neck when the bodice is low. The scroll in question is in point of fact a modification of the Czarina buckle worn last winter, only it encircles the folds of material instead of lying on them. I have seen two varieties; in the one the scroll is formed by the lithe bodies of two serpents with gems in their heads; in the other the stems of two jeweled flowers are twisted so as to compose a compressed spiral, the flowers, like the heads of the reptiles, composing the motif in the centre of the necklet. Of course, it is a jewel of price only within reach of the minority.

The collar form of necklace is the one that fashion favors most this season, and the riviere must be no larger than the exact size of the throat and fit it exactly.

Jeweled ornaments for the hair often assume the form of an aigrette, such as a couple of quill feathers fastened by a floating ribbon, or two olive leaves with berries, executed in clustered diamonds. Some pretty jeweled clasps are made to secure the ostrich plumes worn for court dress, brilliants mounted on the tips of the finest platinum wires mixing with the feathers. This method of mounting is carried out with single brilliants of great size and beauty; these solitaries trembling in mid air above the coils of hair have a beautiful effect.

Small pearl and diamond buckles are made oblong, circular, oval and heart-shaped. There is quite a furore for these little trinkets, which will be introduced into the trimming of dresses this year to make glistening centres for bows and rosettes, and to fasten the draperies of a low bodice, while larger ones are provided for gathering up the folds of skirts.

Never was fashion more general than that of the pin inserted at the waist to keep bodice and skirt in place. It is worn by all, elegantes choosing it, of course, in gold. There is really nothing to distinguish a gold pin from one of ordinary metal, which is somewhat hurtful to the feelings of those who are not content with being extravagant without reason, so that the addition of a polished stone inserted in the bar of the pin is a decided advantage for all parties. In some cases simplicity may be carried too far.

In respect to watches this fault certainly does not exist. The small jeweled timepieces worn suspended to a pin, fastened to the bodice of the dress, are often gems of beautiful workmanship. Numbers of these exquisite trinkets are to be seen everywhere. Enameling figures largely in their decoration. The backs of some of the Louis XV. watches are Duberry pink or Sevres blue, framed in a circle of diamonds or pearls, little touches of the same color reappearing in the true lover's knot, which forms the brooch to which they are suspended

Crimson and dark blue enamel shaded, so as to imitate flutings of satin, has a very pretty effect. The globular form of watch, a ball with a slice cut off where the face is inserted, is the dernier cri; this, too, will be enameled in delicate or rich tones. It suits the Renaissance style of ornament best, and therefore, the pin will a handsome scroll instead of, a bow. There are other conceits, thumb-nail watches inserted in lozenge shaped cases, semi-spherical watches suspended to a short hinged chain, hat have somewhat the appearance of miniature banjoes, studded with small diamonds on a background of enamel. Of course it is preferable that the watch and pin should be designed one for the other, but brooches are provided with a ring and swivel, to which any small gold watch may be attached, and if the watch is not quite small it is better to wear it hung at the waist by a hook—a style which has come in again. Jewelers are showing some very handsome and jeweled hooks, often in the form of a twisted serpent, which will do duty for a watch or a fan.

Black steel watches are now made as small and as dainty as gold ones, and for wearing out of doors they are certainly more appropriate. The pin to which they are suspended is also in black steel, and both may be ornamented with diamonds. Innumerable trinkets and knick-knacks are made of this steel—pins, brooches, skirt buttons, sleeve-links, and the heads of the pins, portemonnaies, cardcases, and match boxes, the sheaths of pocket knives, button hooks, mustache combs, and cigar cutters, cigarette and cigar cases, tablets, pocket mirrors, and powder boxes, the tops of vinaigrettes, and the handles of umbrellas, parasols, and sticks, cigarette and cigar holders with amber mouthpieces, and chain purses. A favorite way of decorating black steel is to stud the smooth surface with tiny diamond points or with little stars. Whatever style or decoration is adopted, it is generally carried out in diamonds. The effect may be a little funereal, but has the advantage of novelty.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Potatoes a la Holland.—Cut cold boiled potatoes into dice. Make one pint of rich cream sauce. Put a pint of milk in a double boiler, rub two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour and two of butter to a cream, add a little of the boiling milk and stir this until smooth: turn into the milk and boil till thick, season with salt and a dash of cayenne. Put a layer of the sauce in a baking dish, then a layer of potatoes, sprinkled with a little minced parsley. (A tablespoonful will be enough for a pint of sauce). Then another layer of sauce and so on, till all is used. Cover the top thickly with grated cheese and bits of butter. Bake in the oven till a nice brown.

Salt Rising Bread.—The day before baking, put into a quart bowl or jar one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one pint of warm milk, and flour to make a stiff batter. Set in a kettle or pail of warm water and keep covered till the batter rises very light; then stir in a little flour and set the bowl in a cold place. In the morning, after standing in hot water, it will rise rapidly. Prepare a sponge of one quart of water or new milk, and just before adding the yeast, stir in a little soda. When very light, mould into loaves. It usually takes one hour for the loaves to become light. Bake in a moderate oven.

Jumbles.—One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, granulated or powdered, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, six eggs and flour enough to make a soft dough. Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs well beaten, the rind and juice of the lemons and flour enough to mould them into shape with your hands but not enough to roll. Dip each one in cracked loaf sugar, drop a blanched almond on each, and press in the centre of the jumble. Great care must be taken to prevent burning while they are baking. The above quantity makes a large number of jumbles.

Handy Pudding.—Fill a well-greased pudding dish with fruit, fresh or canned; cover with a rich, sweetened, biscuit dough. Serve with or without cream or other sauce.

Some cooks never know just what to serve with different meats as a relish. Following is a table of things considered the proper caper: With roast beef, grated horseradish; roast mutton, currant jelly; boiled mutton, caper sauce; roast pork, apple sauce; boiled chicken, bread sauce; roast lamb, mint sauce; roast turkey, oyster sauce; venison or wild duck, black currant jelly; broiled fresh mackerel, sauce of stewed gooseberries; boiled blue-fish, white cream sauce; broiled shad, boiled rice and salad; compote of pigeons, mushroom sauce.

If your furniture is dull and needs its lustre restored, try a polish made from two parts of raw linseed oil and one of turpentine. Mix thoroughly by shaking, apply a thin coat with a flannel cloth, and rub thoroughly and briskly with a dry cloth. This polish is used by furniture dealers.

Coffee pots on a damask cloth may be removed by a mixture of warm water, the yolk of an egg and a few drops of wine. After the application the cloth should be washed, when the stain will be found to have disappeared.

To prevent the juice from pies running over, thrust little funnels of white paper into the cuts on top, through which the steam may escape and the juice boil up, and run back into the pie again when it stops cooking.

A delightful novelty has been provided for the ginger ale bottle. This consists of a silver slab on a tankard, with a round hole in the middle, which the bottle just fills.

To remove ink spots from furniture wipe them with oxalic acid; let it stand for a few minutes, then rub well with a cloth wet with warm water.

Velvet that has become crushed may be restored by placing the lining side of the dress over a basin of hot water.

Tumblers that have contained milk should never be washed in hot water as it clouds the glass permanently.

Old putty on window frames may be removed by passing a red-hot poker slowly over it.

Straw matting is best cleaned with a cloth wet with salt water. Wipe dry.

Onion water applied with a soft brush will keep flies off gilt frames.

Chloroform is excellent for carpet bugs.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sold everywhere and it always cures coughs and colds.

ANIMAL ANALOGIES.

Analogues and homologues are words with a practical ring about them, but they cannot always be dealt with in a practical manner. The analogies of the creation teach us everything is spun of the same stuff and upon one plan. Let a powerful example of this fact be taken in hand at once, and some portion of the animal creation be utilized. Now, we have all of us necks, some of us graceful necks, some of us apoplectic necks, and others no necks at all to speak of; again, the giraffe has a very long neck, the elephant a very short one, and the porpoise apparently stops short of one altogether, but in each and every case we find seven cervical vertebræ—and seven only. Again, they, and human beings also, all have the same number and variety of muscles and ligaments. Some of them certainly are simply mere representatives; for instance, the powerful ligamentum nuchæ of the horse is but very feebly represented in man. "Padding" accounts for all the rest—a little more or less of fat and cellular tissue. Our limbs form beautiful subjects for comparison. Throughout the vertebrates they never exceed four in number. They are all modifications of one type, whether we take the fins of fish, the wings and legs of birds, fore and hind legs of quadrupeds, or arms and legs of man. Comparing the leg of a bird with the leg of a man, we see that the complete leg of a bird shows first the thigh bone, then the tibia or lower leg bone, and then in the place of the tarsus and metatarsus a single bone, with, at its lower extremity, a small bone supporting the four toes. Primarily the analogy between the last five bones of the bird and the so-called tarsus, metatarsus and toes of man does not seem very complete, but if the chick in the egg be examined, its leg will be found to consist of the thigh bone, of the tibia, of two tarsal and three or four metatarsal bones, and the toes or phalanges. The upper tarsal bone subsequently becomes anchylosed with the tibia and the lower one with the consolidated metatarsus. Now the analogy becomes much more complete.

The skin with its appendages forms a beautiful story of analogy. Our own microscopical epidermic scales are strictly comparable with the cells that make up the scales of fish and of reptiles; their further development into hairs and nails again compares with the feathers of birds and the hoofs and horns of animals. We call ourselves a hairless race, but everywhere on our bodies are the small lanugo hairs. Stimulation will readily cause these hairs to grow to any extent. The surgeon has frequent opportunities of witnessing this retrograde progression toward a lower type.

Molting has its analogy throughout the animal kingdom. We indeed molt invisibly, are continuously shedding our scales, but there are some animals that get through this process even more quickly than do birds, as, for instance, the shedding of the skin as a whole by the newt, eft and snake. Sir James Paget has noted that some people have a few extra long hair growing from the general mass of the eyebrows. These few long hairs are representatives of a permanent condition in the chimpanzee and some baboons. They grow out separately from the general hairy mass over the supercilliary ridges. Darwin notes as a significant fact that the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet of man are quite naked of hairs, like the inferior surfaces of all four extremities in most of the lower animals. The lobule of the ear is peculiar to man; there is, however, a rudiment of it in the gorilla. About the brain of man and apes:—The whole comparison is one of degree, and in the case of the Bushman's brain with that of a well-developed ape, the comparison becomes nearly equal. Richard Owen once claimed that the hippocampus minor, a trifling portion of the interior of the brain, was the only exclusively characteristic human part, but it has since been demonstrated in the orang and chimpanzee. In truth there are no specific distinctions between the brain of the ape and that of man!

HAD A PRODIGAL HUSBAND.—A young lady, who was recently staying at an old farmhouse, had her curiosity excited by an action of the lady of the house, who used each night, before retiring, to place a lamp in one of the windows at the front of the house, which faced the only approach to the farm.

One night her curiosity got the better of her discretion, and she ventured to ask the old lady her reason for so doing, saying—

"I suppose you have a prodigal son away in some foreign land, and you place a light there nightly so that if he ever returns he will see that he is not forgotten?"

"Bless yer, no," replied the dame. "I ain't got no prodigal son away in distant lands, but I've got a prodigal husband down at his club in the village, and who would never find his way up the lane if it wasn't for that light."

NOVEL NOTICES.

Any observant person in large towns may find frequent entertainment in marking amusing announcements to be seen in shops, on buildings, placards, bill-heads, among advertisements, and so forth. In this city, the writer often notices laundry legends certifying that "collors are washed." "Try our coker nuts" and "Korg drops" are common invitations among the smaller shops, and are evidently well understood of the people. "Gents sox" may be seen in many hosiers; but we were rather startled by phonetic simplicity of "lickrice, one penny a stick."

Last summer, in the window of a walking-stick shop in Plymouth, some canes were marked "Gents swagger sticks as used by the officers of the garrison." This we thought rather funny; but were afterwards to find more amusement in a stationer's shop in Bristol, in the window of which was a card b aring the encouraging information: "School Girls and Boys' Pencils—Excellent make. Warranted to spell correctly and write easily." Most of us will wish we had only had such an offer in our school-days.

A curious placard posted on the door of a little shop lately attracted the attention of a visitor to Naples. It informed the public that "the title of Duke is offered for sale—inquire within."

A bookseller's catalogue is said to have contained this information, "Memoirs of Charles I.—with a head capitally executed." This was run pretty close by an advertisement in another catalogue which called attention to a "new work on Pedestrianism, with copious foot-notes."

Still in use at some stores near Derby is the following bill-head: "Boot and Shoe Merchant, Stationer and Haberdasher; dealer in mangles, sewing machines, trunks, bedsteads, cartridges, gunpowder and shot. Wools, shovels, furniture, argicultural implements, iron and tinware. N. B. Agents for Pullar's Dye Works; also for the White Star Line, Liverpool and New York. Prompt attention given to bookbinding. Registry office for servants. Houses completely furnished."

The cycling mania spread rapidly in Paris. One of the theatre managers there actually announces that "Ladies and Gentlemen arriving at his house 'en bicyclette,' can have their machines warehoused free of charge during the performance, in a room specially set apart for the purpose."

A writer from Sydney gives a curious instance of British enterprise in Australia. In an up-country town, a young Scotchman has just opened a small hotel, and in order to compete successfully with his longer-established rivals, placed a notice on his door to the effect that "Persons drinking more than four glasses of his 'Burton XXXX.' would be sent carefully home free of charge in a wheelbarrow—if desired." This offer would probably be keenly appreciated by some of the rough customers of the neighborhood.

Once on a time a placard was to be seen at Kretcham announcing the fact that a dance was to be given. The notice concluded with the following Nota Bene—"Ladies without shoes will not be allowed to participate in the dance."

When an emigrant vessel is expected to arrive at Fremantle, the port of West Australia, notices something like the following are issued on all sides: "There will arrive by the 'Devonshire,' shortly—Seventy two single women—Thirty married couples—and Forty-five single men. The Single Women can be seen, on arrival of vessel, at the Home. There are amongst them experienced Cooks, Housemaids, and General Servants. People requiring domestic servants must state their requirements in writing to Mrs. G——." Such announcements cause great excitement among the colonists, some of whom are seeking wives, and others good servants (much harder to get).

Now that we are on a nautical part of our subject, it may be mentioned that humor can sometimes be gleamed from a tariff bill. For instance, the rate schedule of one of the trans-Atlantic steamship companies set forth that the price of passage for dogs, cats, and monkeys is ten dollars each; and that those animals 'must be caged before being brought on the steamer, and will then be placed in charge of the butcher."

A MAINE newspaper speaks of a "strong anti-foot ball sentiment which is rapidly gaining ground" in that State, and predicts "the death of the rowdy game" in a season or two.

Look to your interest. You can buy Salvation Oil, the great pain-cure, for 25 cts.

Recent Book Issues.

The Stokes Company's handsome presentation volume, "Children of Colonial Days," with its magnificent full page water-color fac-similes, by E. P. Moran, and its interesting stories, by Elizabeth Tucker, may be obtained at Lippincott's, this city. Price $2.00.

Alfred Tennyson's "Day Dream," with numerous original illustrations, by W. St. John Harper, is another of the beautiful "Masterpiece Series" published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York. It is truly what its name implies, a masterpiece of taste and execution in every way. For sale by Lippincott. Price 75 cents.

A beautiful book for the holidays, worthy from its handsome appearance of gracing any centre table or library and, from its contents, of being acceptable in any home in the land, is the "Complete Poems of William Cullen Bryant." It is grandly printed, tastefully bound and illustrated by numerous artistic engravings. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price $1.50.

"The Daughter of the Nez Perces," by Arthur Paterson, is a very interesting mingling of biography, history and story concerning a noted tribe of American Indians and one of its leaders who was prominent in past events of national importance, Chief Joseph, of whom the book also gives a photograph. The volume is beautifully printed and bound. Published by G. G. Peck, New York, and for sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

In the current "St. Nicholas" is begun a new serial story by Elbridge S. Brooks, "A Boy of the First Empire." It promises to be one of surpassing interest, as well as valuable for the historical information which it will impart. In the opening chapters are introduced the Emperor Napoleon and his beloved little nephew, Prince Napoleon, who calls the great man "Uncle Bibiche." The illustrations by H. A. Ogden are very spirited. We can only add that the many stories and sketches of travel and adventure are every one a delight, the poems are numerous and charming, and the pictures and jingles for the very little ones are fascinating and many of them as funny as funny can be. The Century Co., New York.

A show of distinguished beauty, transfixed by famous artists, which lately took place at the Academy of Fine Arts in New in New York, has been anticipated by "The Cosmopolitan Magazine" in its November issue, in an article by Wm. A. Coffin, with illustrations of some of the more beautiful faces. The "Great Passions of History" series has for this month's subject the romantic career of Agnes Sorel, who influenced the destinies of France under Charles VII. "The Art Schools of America," "The Great British Northwest Territory," "The Chiefs of the American Press," and the "Public Library Movement," are also amongst "The Cosmopolitan's" table of contents. Published at New York.

FOR MONEY'S SAKE.

What will a man not do for money? He will fast for forty days. He will gorge for forty days or die in the endeavor. He will cross Niagara on a cord, or court death in the attempt to stem its whirlpools. He will trust himself in a tiny row-boat on the face of the stormy Atlantic, or dive from a height of many feet into a tank of water. He will suffer men to shoot a pattern round his profile, or throw knives to mark out the line of his body on a screen. He will pass needles through his flesh. But all these modern feats of daring pale into insignificance before some of the experiments of bygone times and Oriental countries.

In China at the present time hairy men are exhibited, who, to gain a living, have been completely flayed and have had dog's skin engrafted on their persons.

In July, 1828, Martenez, a Spaniard, gave one of the most extraordinary exhibitions that are now on record. It was at the New Tivoli, in Paris, in the presence of an audience of scientific men, who have placed its genuineness beyond a doubt. A large oven had been heated by a furnace for four hours. This he entered, clothed in red flannel trousers and shirt, a large cloak of the same material, and a felt sombrero. He sang a song whilst a fowl was roasted by his side, and at the end of fifteen minutes came out again, the temperature registered being 292° and 312° F., or about a hundred degrees above the temperature of boiling water.

He entered the oven a second time and ate a fowl which was roasted beside him. After a short pause he was shut in lying on a board surrounded by candles. The audience after a while raised a cry of "Enough! enough!" The door was opened, the oven was found to be full of a noxious suffocating odor of boiling tallow—the sole survival of the candles. The Spaniard came out, and after a cold bath was well and strong. His pulse when the door was first opened beat 176 to the minute.

In 1809 another Spaniard, Lionetto, astonished savants of all nationalities by his insensibility to heat. He sucked a rod of red-hot iron, drank boiling oil, took molten lead up in the hollow of his hand and cooled it in his mouth, all without apparent discomfort.

As is well known, it is not a difficult matter to dip one's hand into molten lead with impunity, the moisture of the skin in a rapid immersion shielding the hand against being burnt. This feat the Prince of Wales unhesitatingly performed on learning of its possibility when visiting Woolwich Arsenal some years back.

Only a short while since an inquest was held upon the body of a man who had singularly ill-treated it for money's sake. He had been in the habit of swallowing any object obtainable for the price of a drink or a hunch of bread. His vocation was carried on chiefly at East-end public-houses, and on his stomach being examined after death it contained, amongst other things, large pieces of tin, nails, screws, crockery and a string eight inches long with corks attached. He had been known to drink a small pailful of water, and then devour the pail itself, chew a piece out of a mug and swallow it, eat coal, ashes, coke and make a meal off such dainties as needles and thread, nails, and scraps of wood. He lived to the age of fifty before outraged Nature took vengeance.

Every day at the great centres of popular entertainment are exhibited men who risk a painful death or lifelong injury to earn their bread. Folk in padded clothes stand up to be shot at with rifles. So-called hypnotic subjects suffer themselves to be fed on paraffin, have their flesh torn with pincers, and their stomachs jumped on by spectators.

There is, in fact, no experiment too dangerous, no assault upon the human body too outrageous for man to try it in the hope of making money thereby. In his greed for gold he will put his head in a lion's mouth; he will drop from a balloon half a mile high, or stay five minutes at the bottom of a tank. There is nothing he will not do.

His Ultimatum.—"Madeline, will you marry me?" His voice had a husky, appealing sound, his heart thumped audibly, and his knees had got beyond his control.

"No, Horace, I will not!"

"This—this is your final answer, is it, Madeline?"

"It is, Horace. I am sorry I cannot——"

"This is—this is the end of all my fond hopes, the waking from the dream I have been dreaming, and the winding up of the fool's paradise in which I have dwelt for the past three months, is it?"

"I—I suppose it is, Horace; but do not be utterly cast down," said the young woman soothingly. "Time softens all griefs, and turns sorrow into joy. In the future, Horace, when the pain of this refusal shall have——"

"Miss Shuckers," he exclaimed, rising with dignity, as became a man who had received a temporary backset, but had recovered himself, "talk not to me of the future! It may have its consolations, its joys, and its repose; but it cannot reawaken old illusions. Henceforth, Miss Shuckers," he added, reaching for his hat and cane, and moving, with unruffled self-possession, towards the door, "I can never be anything more to you than a brother!" Exit with dignity and despatch.

Holes Smaller Than Hairs.—"Yes, we have to make some very tiny holes in the course of our business," said a working jeweler recently. "What should you think, for instance, of one too small for you to be able to pass a hair through it?

"You don't believe it, eh? Well, just look at these two drills, which I use occasionally. The finer one, I am sure, will make a hole through which you could not pass one of the hairs of your moustache and I can easily make drills even finer than that.

"No, they don't take very long to make, but for all that they have to be finished off as carefully as if they were of the usual size. Just examine this one through a glass, will you?"

And, to his astonishment, the writer observed with the aid of a powerful lens that the seemingly thin round needle point was in reality flattened out at the extreme end and shaped in precisely the same manner as the ordinary sized drills with which everyone is so familiar.

Wasted Kindness.—A teacher in one of the public schools of London has recently been much annoyed by the persistency with which one of her scholars plays truant. She was on the point of reporting his case to the truant officer, when she spoke of the matter to one of the woman supervisors. This woman believes in kindness rather than harsher measures, and told the teacher to send the offender to her the next time he was troublesome. So one afternoon there appeared at the supervisor's home a boy. The supervisor was all smiles and attention. She treated him royally to a choice spread, a feast the like of which he probably never had enjoyed before. He was soon made perfectly at home. Now, thought his benefactress, is the time to preach him my little sermon. So she unfolded to him the evils of truancy and besought him to be a model boy in the future. Imagine her surprise when he said to her: "I ain't the boy that runs away from school, marm. He gave me a penny to come here for him."

When He wasn't His Father.—It is whispered among a certain gay young set that one of its members, a college graduate, but a regular "mamma's boy" for all that, is feeling a trifle sore over an episode that marked his first day in business. His father, the president of a prominent insurance company, had made a place in his office for his son, and the young fellow was eager to take it. It so happened that his first dip into the great sea of worldly ambition occurred on the same day as a meeting of the directors of the well-known corporation. Being sent on an errand to the president the young hopeful burst into the room where the magnates of the business word were assembled, and in the familiar parlance of the home began: "Papa——" The august president, with a look of absolute horror, turned to the agitated messenger, and to the intense amusement of the others present roared out: "I'm not your father—at least in business hours."

Count Mirafiori, whose serious illness at Leghorn is announced, is a brother of King Humbert, of Italy, a fact not generally known. The Count is the son of Victor Emanuel and his morganatic wife, Rosina, daughter of a drummer of his army.

JOSIAH.

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(Marietta Holley.)

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ALL THE EXTREMES OF FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

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WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if now dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows not dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death was due to service.

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Survivors, and their widows, of the Black Hawk, Creek, Cherokee and Seminole or Florida Indian Wars of 1832 to 1842, are entitled under a recent act.

Mexican War soldiers and their widows also entitled, if sixty-two years of age or disabled or dependent.

Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.

Rejected claims reopened and settlement secured, if rejection improper or illegal.

Certificates of service and discharge obtained for soldiers and sailors of the late war who have lost their original papers.

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Humorous.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Achievements of his early youth
His wife has heard narrated
To prove that he had not, in truth,
Been over estimated.
Her small supply of facts did not
Entitle her to doubt him,
But now it's different—she's got
To know too much about him.

—U. N. Nose.

In the march of life, don't heed the order of "right about" when you know you are about right.

May: "Who was the gentleman you introduced to me? I didn't catch his name." Paul: "Oh, well, it isn't any use for you to try to. He has given it to the lady who is sitting by him."

Circus Manager: "You're fired, do you hear?"

Clown: "Eh! What for?"

Circus Manager: "During this afternoon's performance you made a new joke! Now get out."

Little boy: "Folks say that the Chinese torture their prisoners."

Little girl: "How?"

Little boy: "I don't know. Maybe they have apple dumplings for dinner and don't give the prisoners any."

A mean man invited the village preacher to dine him, but placed before the preacher only a dish of greens and corn-bread. "Will you say grace, parson?" asked the host. "I will," replied the parson. "Lord, make us thankful for greens and corn-bread, and put it into the heart of our brother to raise hogs next year!"

He: "You upbraid me for losing money on the races—you?"

She: "And why should not I?"

He: "Yet I recall one blissful moment, not so long ago, when we stood together beneath the silent stars, and you said that no stroke of adverse fortune could ever draw from your lips one complaining word!"

An Irishman, having been arraigned and convicted upon full and unmistakable evidence of some flagrant misdemeanor, being asked by the judge if he had anything to say for himself, replied, with a characteristic humor of his country, "Never a single word, your honor! And it's my real opinion there's been a great deal too much said as it is."

"Are you still troubled by your neighbor's chickens?" asked one man of another.

"Not a bit," was the answer. "They are kept shut up now."

"How did you manage it?"

"Why, every night I put a lot of eggs in the grass under the grape vine, and every morning, when my neighbor was looking, I went out and brought them in."

Father, whom Bobby has induced to take him: "Now, Bobby, I don't quite understand this. If the man who throws the ball fails to hit the club after three trials, does that put the umpire out?"

Bobby: "Pa, do you remember why you sent me to bed last night at seven o'clock?"

Father: "Why, h—no."

Bobby: "It was for asking foolish questions."

Agricultural editor: "Please, sir, may I have two weeks' vacation?"

Managing editor: "Why, what do you want with a vacation? You don't have to sit up nights."

Agricultural editor: "I know that; but here I am, fifty-one years of age, and have never yet seen a cow. I really feel as though I ought to get out into the country this summer to see what it looks like."

"Sin, my dear pupils," said Deacon Barnes to his Sunday-school class, "is the legacy of Adam."

And the bright boy in the class remarked that that was probably the first case on record where a will was not broken.

"Yes," said the deacon, "but it should be remembered that there was enough to go round. I don't remember hearing of anybody who didn't receive his share of the inheritance."

The other day Brown was about entering a shop, Brag, a young buck, with a large mustache and small income, born like Jaffer with "elegant desires," drove up a pair of spanking bays, glittered with their splendid comparison. "Ah, Brown," said he, "how do do?—how do do? How d' like me ho'seat? Fine animals, but very costly. What do you think I gave for the pair?" "Your note, I presume," said Brown. "Good mawning!" responded the blood—"good mawning!"

"Isn't it awful?" said Mrs. Jenks to her husband.

"Isn't what awful?" queried Jenks.

"Houston's boy was run over and received infernal injuries."

"Internal, you mean."

"No, I mean infernal. I know what I'm talking about."

After a quarrel of five minutes Jenks produced a dictionary, and with considerable trouble managed to find infernal.

"There!" he exclaimed, "I told you so! Infernal means relating to the lower regions."

"Well," replied Mrs. Jenks, and there was a ring of triumph in her voice, "ain't that where he was injured.

KEEN DODGES OF SHARPERS.—A few years ago Paris had a nefarious character, with a talent for stealing and earning praise. He waited about in fashionable haunts to open carriage doors. He generally possessed himself of either a purse or a trinket. But he refused to keep his spoils an unnecessary moment. Repairing to the nearest police office he handed them in as lost property, and left his name and address. The reward, large or small, duly arrived. But a pitcher that goes often to the well gets broken at last, and he tripped. A lady found felonious fingers in her pocket, and held them; the wonder of the police became knowledge, and the ingenious rogue went to prison.

Another dodge for security was that of a sham "notable" who came to Monte Carlo. He rented a house just within the frontier. Then he was graciously pleased to place extensive orders with tradesmen for food, wine, fine garments, and valuable trinkets.

A great show secured the shop-keepers' confidence—to their ultimate chagrin and loss. Not a franc did their visitor pay. And when it came to be a question of legal proceedings there was a block. The deceiver had bought nothing of traders within the tiny Principality itself. All his favors had been discreetly given to the gay shops of Nice or Mentone or San Remo. Accordingly all his creditors lived in France or Italy. It looked hopeless to follow him up.

Employes in the French Post Office were recently detected in what they doubtless thought was a safe fraud. They were in the registering department, and they put on old stamps instead of new. The new ones were abstracted and kept. As the stamp was immediately used, and by themselves, it seemed plain sailing. Who was to find out where and where the obliteration had taken place? But the unlikely happened, and the trick ended badly for the clerks.

TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.—A young man who was canvassing a popular book stepped into the office of a merchant and, finding him apparently at leisure, asked him to look at the book. The gentleman informed him that it would only be waste of time, as he could not purchase it.

"Oh, never mind that," ejaculated the young man; "it won't cost anything to look at it, even if you don't buy. I should like you to read some portions of it and see what it is."

The accommodating merchant took the volume and, glancing at the title-page, commenced a perusal of the introduction. This finished, he began at the first chapter, and read carefully and leisurely along.

It was about nine o'clock when he commenced, and an hour passed silently away, when the book agent began to show signs of nervousness, which were apparently unnoticed by the merchant, for he never took his eyes from the volume, but read steadily on.

At noon the merchant was still reading, and the agent wore a decidedly troubled countenance. A few moments before one o'clock the merchant laid the book down, leisurely donned his overcoat and hat, and remarked—

"That is a good—a very good—book. I am sorry I cannot just now enjoy more of it, but I am obliged to go to lunch. If you call this afternoon I will continue reading it."

A MAGISTRATE in Missouri recently sentenced an illiterate man, who had committed a small offence, to be imprisoned until he could learn to read and write. The man learned in three weeks, and was then released.

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

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No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

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